

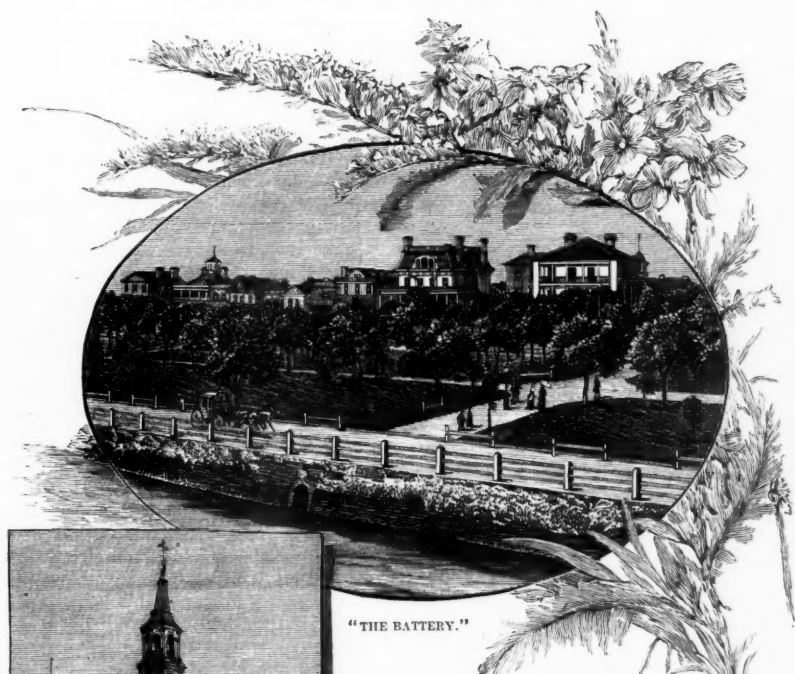
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ANTE-BELLUM CHARLESTON.



"THE BATTERY."

CHARLESTON, the Charleston of *ante-bellum* times, was certainly one of the most picturesque places in America. It is picturesque still, although with a more active and busy aspect than of old; for the brave city has risen like a phoenix from the ashes of war and desolation. The scars of a terrible siege are being surely obliterated; ruin has given place to prosperity, and many a mournful waste begins to blossom like the rose!

But it is of the Charleston of long ago—of the characteristics of its people and society as then existing, especially of some of its great representative men—

that I now desire to write. A brief preliminary *résumé* of its earlier history, and as brief mention of a few noteworthy localities, may not be amiss.

Between the years 1672 and 1677, the English colonists, who under William Sayle had

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endeavored unsuccessfully to settle at Port Royal, removed to that neck of land formed by the confluence of the Kiawah and Etiwan, now known as the Cooper and Ashley rivers, and there laid the original foundations of Charles-Town.*

John Jacques Rousseau, in his "*Confessions*," asserts that his *uncle* "superintended the building of Charles-Town, of which he gave a plan!" He says, "*Mon oncle Bernard était depuis quelques années passé dans la Caroline pour y faire bâtir la ville de Charles-Town dont il avait donné le plan.*" But Jacques is in error. His kinsman had nothing to do with the "planning" or "building" of the settlement, but by an act of the "*General Assembly*," passed in 1736, "Monsieur Gabriel Bernard was appointed chief engineer for the repairing of the old and erecting of new fortifications." His efforts commenced and ended in this direction.

The inhabitants of Charles-Town were of different classes as to social standing, politics, and religion. Of course they quarreled, as men *will* do under such circumstances, despite the fact that harmony was absolutely needful, not merely for their comfort, but safety. They were surrounded by hostile Indians, and repeated conflicts occurred, of which the two most destructive were the wars of 1712 and 1715.

Fortunately for the colonists at the latter period, they were governed by Charles Craven, the Lord Palatine, a man of vast and sagacious energy, in default of whose well-executed plans, not only the town, but the whole province would probably have been annihilated through the fury of the Yemassee, aided by a combination of tribes from the Edisto in Carolina to the Saint John's in Florida.

En passant, I remember a characteristic anecdote of Lord Craven, which William Gilmore Simms used to relate, as handed down by tradition.

His lordship had been appointed the guardian of a dissipated and insubordinate nephew, who it seems upon a Sunday morning, just after the church services in Charles-Town were over, publicly confronted his uncle, and accused him, without a shadow of justice, of having administered his (the nephew's) estate in a fraudulent manner.

Scarcely allowing his kinsman and elder

*A temporary settlement had been made upon the western bank of the Ashley, but the site was found to be inconvenient.

leisure for reply, he attacked him sword in hand. The times were such that the Lord Palatine also wore a sword. There was a moment's rapid play of *carte* and *tierce*, when the younger found himself disarmed. Having mastered his antagonist's rapier, Craven coolly proceeded to break the weapon across his knee.

"Sir," said he, "there are two things I am striving not to forget: firstly, that I am a Christian professor, just come from Christian worship; and secondly, that *you* are, most unfortunately for me, my sister's son! Outrage me thus again, and my memory on both points may prove defective."

It is said that, driven wild by rage and mortification, the young man passed into the Indian country and, disguised as a savage, fought and died with the Yemassee, warring against his own people.

After the subjugation of the Aborigines Charles-Town steadily advanced in population and prosperity. At the close of the colonial epoch the people were not only blessed with plenty, but were noted for hospitality, intelligence, and courtesy.

A glimpse of the fascinations of their society, as heightened by the beauty of the ladies, is furnished us from an unexpected quarter. In the correspondence of Thomas Chatterton there is a letter, dated March 6, 1768, mailed from Bristol, England, addressed to an intimate friend of his, named Baker, who, for some reason of business or pleasure, had visited the southern American Colonies:

"I am glad to hear," writes the youthful poet, then sixteen, "that you *so hugely approve of the ladies in Charlestown*, and am obliged to you for the compliment of including me in your evident happiness."

Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, came to the South in 1773, and his enthusiastic picture of the growing metropolis of Carolina shows how gay and opulent the place must have been:

"Charles-Town," he tells us, "makes a most beautiful appearance as you come up to it, and in many respects a magnificent one. . . . I can only say in general that in splendor of buildings, decorations, equipages, commerce, shipping, etc., *it far surpasses all I ever saw or even expected to see in America!* . . . All seems at present to be for prosperity and great state in every thing, with much gayety and dissipation. . . . There being but one chief place of trade, its increase is amazingly rapid.

The stories you are every where told of the rise in the value of lands seem romantic, but I was assured that they were facts!"

Upon the Revolutionary fortunes of Charleston, with all their startling vicissitudes, the standard records are in the main sufficiently explicit.

In 1788 the city was incorporated by an act of the legislature, under the name of *Charleston*, and divided into thirteen wards.* As it gradually developed in size and commercial importance a number of handsome edifices, public and private, were erected—many in a style suited to the peculiarities of the climate.

It might not inaptly be called a City of Churches, from the number and elegance of these sacred buildings. The oldest of them, St. Michael's, is one of the noblest examples of ecclesiastical architecture in America, perhaps in the world!

For more than half a century previous to secession, Charlestonians were justly proud of their "Battery," so-called originally, because in the war with Great Britain, of 1812, fifteen guns of large caliber were mounted along a portion of its line fronting the harbor. It now embraces a sea-wall fifteen hundred feet in length, unsurpassed by any public promenade in the Union.

Thence, one glances over a breadth of historic waters, broken in the not remote distance by the ruins of immortal Sumter, or southward across the river-bend in the direction of some of those "palm-crowned isles," within whose

*On the 13th of August, 1883, the one hundredth anniversary of this incorporation was celebrated in Charleston with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. In the "City Hall," renewed, rejuvenated, almost rebuilt, busts were unveiled of Hayne and Pettigru, and likewise a handsome oil portrait of Wm. Enston, one of the city's merchant princes and benefactors. The Hon. Wm. Ashmead Courtenay, Mayor, delivered a centennial address, which embodies a vast deal of new and invaluable material of a historical, social, and industrial nature. *Appropos*, it is due to this able and patriotic gentleman to say that during his several administrations as mayor he has not only accomplished wonders in the way of practical improvement, but has done more than would at first have seemed possible under the circumstances, to gather in and preserve the scattered historical memorials of the city and State, and to adorn the walls of the "Council Chamber" with the "counterfeit presentments," by brush and chisel, of the great men of our illustrious past, among them a portrait, by Trumbull, of the "Father of his Country," which, through the good offices of ex-Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, has been restored to its pristine clearness and beauty.

"strong arms" Timrod pictured the city as "resting" before the decision of her fate in the tempest of shell and shot:

"While all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or . . . the tomb!"

My own earliest recollections are associated with the quiet streets and beautiful environs of this, my native city. A certain tranquility pervaded even the thoroughfares. Business men of every grade, lawyers, bankers, merchants, tradesmen, appeared one and all to be bent upon illustrating the wisdom of "*festina lentè*."

There were no breathless hurrys to and fro, no frenzied rushes around sharp corners after "the shadow of a shilling;" no crushing of agonized mental limbs, Laocoon fashion, by the venomous serpent of speculation; and yet a steadfast, solid energy prevailed, and a sturdy independence besides, which showed a sufficiently practical acquaintance with Monsieur Rochejacquelin's philosophical maxim, "*Celui la est la mieux servi, qui n'a pas besoin de mettre les mains des autres au bout de ses bras*."

In his recreations as in his business, the true Charlestonian exhibited no feverish eagerness. He sipped the cup of enjoyment with a dignified ease, and of course a subtler relish than was ever known to attend the vulgar process of—guzzling!

Society in those days rested on a basis of aristocracy; or, at all events, birth and breeding distinctly took the precedence of mere *parvenu* wealth. Upon the thresholds of the haunts of fashion, the "*Cave Canem*" of the antique "*vestibulum*" was not the less truly wrought because unembodied to the material sense!

The obtrusive vulgarian who presumed to cross those sacred precincts, might well "beware of the dog!" no snarling cur, or savage mastiff, but a sleek, dainty grayhound of fastidious instincts (if one may become, like old Jacob Marley, "flowery and figurative" for a moment), to whom all coarseness was abomination, and the sharp white teeth of whose sarcasm could draw blood from the toughest human hippopotamus.

To strangers of the pushing Yankee breed, and not possessed of the proper credentials, such exclusiveness was equally offensive and incomprehensible.

I recall an amusing case in point: Far back in the 'fifties, there came to Charleston a Northern virgin of uncertain age and advanced ideas!

She advocated a trinity of *isms*—female emancipation-*ism*, socialism, and abolition-*ism*!

Eschewing all attempts at public lecturing, she made a gallant and persevering raid, firstly upon the community at large, buttonholing (metaphorically) every man, especially every clergyman whose acquaintance she could form, and secondly, she endeavored, by a sudden and determined onslaught, to carry the inmost reserves of the "*haute noblesse*!"

One who witnessed the assault informed me that he could not but admire that indomitable spinster's pluck!

Needless to say, she was routed in the end. Only fancy a female "encyclopedist" preaching Rousseau and communism to the stately dames of St. Germain's! Boiling over with indignation, the discomfited but not to be silenced propagandist invoked the aid of the press.

Charleston society, yes, every thing Charlestonian, was handed over to the vengeance of her gods.

Pride must have a fall. Purple and fine linen must be consumed in the avenging flame. Delicate exclusiveness must be humiliated!

Oh! enthusiastic, if deluded Sibyl! I have sometimes wondered whether you lived to see the day of your coveted vengeance!

If so, how jubilantly your "*paan*" must have blended with the rapture of those who gloated over the ruin of our fair "City by the Sea!"

It has grown into a habit among too many of the periodical writers of our day to elevate "the New South" at the expense of the "Old" in all matters pertaining to literary and intellectual enlightenment.

They are not content to represent this section as undergoing, in their opinion, a sort of esthetic "*renaissance*," but declare that for the *first* time may we really claim to have any genuine culture whatsoever.

Let me say to them, in the words of the bluff old English lexicographer, "Free your minds, gentlemen, from cant."

It is in truth demonstrable that during the slavery régime the highest classes of our planters and professional men were possessed of a wide, elegant, and often profound culture.

There may have been comparatively few professional authors, but what then? Is there no other literature than that which "wreaks itself upon expression" between the covers of published books—no other culture than that embodied in "MSS." and printers' "copy?"

The *littérateurs* and scholars of the Old South bestowed lavishly the wealth of their talents

and acquisitions—the latter, as I have intimated, being often of the highest order, as the result of laborious study at Göttingen, Heidelberg, Edinboro', and various other centers of European education, upon the society which they led, molded, and adorned.

The entire mental and moral atmosphere about them was penetrated and made genial by the noble influence of their disciplined intellectuality, as the material atmosphere is warmed and irradiated by the sun.

* * * * *

That a considerable number of vigorous and brilliant authors—some of genius, even—have arisen among us since the close of the civil war is a subject for cordial congratulation; but surely it is not necessary to the establishment or increase of their fame that a class of servile paragraphists, who occupy toward certain so-called Northern "authorities" (?) the same cringing attitude once held by the Roman "*umbra*" toward his patron, should profess to find the whole department of Southern *ante-bellum* literature a desert of antiquated rubbish, with nothing of permanent beauty or power from dismal Dan to barren Beersheba.

And now I shall outline the lives, and briefly analyze the genius and characters of certain illustrious Charlestonians; men who not only reflected honor upon their own city, but upon the nation itself.

Hugh Swinton Legaré was born in Charleston on the 22d of January, 1797. His father was of Huguenot "strain," while his mother belonged to the historic family of the Scotch Swintons, well known in the annals of the "Border," the "Marches," and the "Debatable land." He naturally combined, therefore, in his temperament and intellectual constitution the qualities of French ardor toned down by Scottish reticence and reserve. His father dying when he was an infant, the sole management of his education devolved upon his mother. She was fitted for the task, having been a woman of unusual cleverness, information, and wise firmness of will. Up to his fourth or fifth year, her son was so vigorous that he promised to develop a physique that might almost have rivaled the strength of his noted progenitor, stout Sir Alan Swinton himself, to whom Walter Scott thus refers in "*Halidon Hill*":

"There needed not to blazen forth the Swinton,
His ancient burgonet the sable Boar
Chained to the gnarled oak, nor his proud step,
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he of Scotland's realm can wield."

But unfortunately, about this period, Hugh was inoculated with the smallpox. The artificial virus poisoned his whole system. Recovering after months of anguish, it was found that the disease had arrested the growth of his lower limbs. For the next eight years he gained but little in height. Then, as if some wand of enchantment had touched him, the lad shot up with amazing rapidity, only it was the upper part of his person that attained its just proportions; so that finally he presented the spectacle of a man whose magnificent torso seemed to mock the imperfection of the lower members! I mention the fact of this partial deformity, because it embittered Legaré's whole existence, made him often melancholy and morbid, and sadly interfered—not "*per necessitate rei*," but through the operation of his own exaggerated view of his misfortune—with his domestic happiness and tranquil settlement in life.

Debarred from the sports of childhood, the afflicted lad turned to books for consolation, and made such admirable progress in learning that in his fifteenth year he was matriculated at the State College, Columbia, South Carolina. Three years afterward he graduated with the highest honors—having not only mastered the ordinary "curriculum," but passed far beyond it. From Columbia he repaired to his mother's home in Charleston. There he seems to have been admitted at once into the society of his elders, distinguished representatives of the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Press. The atmosphere was congenial, and Charleston became the center of his chief personal attachments. No youthful Greek aspirant in ancient philosophy, poetry, or art, ever turned to the "City of the Violet Crown" with more enthusiastic devotion or a deeper desire to win its favorable judgment!

For some time he studied the "*rationale* of jurisprudence," and then crossed the Atlantic, going first to Paris, where he applied himself to the modern languages, and also to the investigation of Continental politics. Instituting careful inquiries as to the respective merits of the British and Continental law schools, he finally decided to take up his residence in Edinburgh.

The Scotch capital then deserved its name of "the modern Athens"! It could boast of a literary galaxy such as the world has seldom seen, and among the lights of the "civil law" were Leslie, Brown, Playfair, and Murray.

Legaré's special professor, however, in this

department, was Irving, a person of more pedantry than profundity.

One morning it chanced that, while Legaré was up for examination (the class-room business, by the way, being conducted in Latin), the professor took exception to his rendering of a crabbed passage in "the Institutes." Assured that he was right, the young man maintained his opinion, at first very moderately; but his teacher became so dogmatic and overbearing that he had no choice but to oppose him *à l'outrance*! In fact he illustrated his points by a display of learning so profound that class and teacher were both confounded, the latter exhibiting no little discomfiture, which he tried to conceal by putting a stop to the oral controversy, transferring subsequently his own arguments to writing!

In 1820 Legaré returned to South Carolina. Formally admitted to the bar, and with a brilliant reputation for ability and culture, he acceded to the wishes of his friends, and in the autumn of the year specified was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly of South Carolina for its biennial term, viz., from 1820 to 1822. For more than a year he contented himself with the routine of legislative business, but at the end of his second session, some favorable opportunities occurring, he proved the great powers he possessed, flashing out in debate with that peculiar eloquence of imagination and logic in which he subsequently excelled!

In 1823 Legaré became a prominent advocate at the Charleston bar. There were "giants in those days" against whom he had to contend. And he contended so ably, that despite some peculiar difficulties which seem to have arisen in the idea that he had *over-refined* and subleized his mind by too much study ("Heaven save the mark!"), Legaré surely won his way to a splendid reputation, although it was a reputation disproportionate to its legal (*pecuniary*) rewards!"

In 1824 he again appeared in the State legislature—this time as a representative of the city of Charleston. He now took a conspicuous part in all debates of any importance. One of the best, if not the best speech of the session, was delivered by him in support of the famous resolutions, "*Anti-Bank, anti-Internal Improvement, and anti-Tariff*," introduced by Judge William Smith. Yet, while going to the full length of the Judge's resolutions (in accordance with his own views as a strict constructionist of the United States Constitution),

Legaré never contemplated the *extreme* and, as he deemed them, dangerous measures of nullification!

In 1825 a movement of a politico-literary kind took place in Charleston; the establishment, namely, of the "*Southern Quarterly Review*," as an "organ of anti-consolidation and a general exponent of Southern scholarship."

Legaré became its editor. He gathered about him a brilliant corps of "*collaborateurs*," and for some years his *Review* was incomparably the ablest periodical of its class in America! It was so pronounced by high European authority; and, verily, it might enlighten the purblind criticsasters of to-day, who talk of *ante-bellum* ignorance of the South, to make the acquaintance of the authors who figure in its pages.

Of Legaré's own contributions, embracing a vast variety of important topics, especially noteworthy are his noble treatises upon "*Demosthenes*," and "*The Origin, History, and Influence of Roman Legislation*." . . . In the course of years a growing practice compelled him to abandon the management of the *Quarterly*.

About 1830 he was chosen Attorney-General of the State. Those who elected him (and this fact is significant) were members of a party whose measures he had steadily combated! But his genius carried every thing before it. Summoned professionally to argue an important case at the bar of the Supreme Court, in Washington (D. C.), his success was so extraordinary as to procure him the notice of Mr. Livingston (the then Secretary of State). A normal acquaintance ripened into friendship, and it was through Livingston's influence that Legaré was appointed "*Chargé d'Affaires*" at the Court of Brussels. . . . His diplomatic duties were by no means onerous, but such as they were he discharged them in a perfect manner. By Leopold, his Queen, and the whole court, Legaré was warmly esteemed.

He came home in 1837, was put in nomination, and readily elected a Representative in Congress, from Charleston, for the term commencing with the first year of Van Buren's administration.

An extra session of Congress convened in September to provide for a terrible financial crisis. Legaré's speech on "*The Spirit of the Sub-treasury*" took captive the "*House*" and dazzled the country.

Other speeches of equal force, upon topics of vital interest, followed. . . . Through some party trickery, however, Legaré was

thrown out, at the next Carolina election, and he did not again appear as a politician until the great canvass of 1840. . . . President Harrison dying only a month after he had taken the oath of office, his Cabinet resigned. This led to the selection of Legaré as Attorney-General of the United States.

President Tyler's administration was exceptionally unpopular. Somebody figuratively observed that it "possessed the upas power of blighting *every* reputation which approached its shadow!" Legaré, at all events, escaped this poisonous influence. He steadily rose in fame. Webster withdrawing from the Cabinet, the onerous duties of the *State Department* were confided to Legaré, *ad interim*. The accumulated labors were too much. On the 16th of June, 1843, while on a visit to Boston, in company with the President, he was prostrated by an attack of "visceral derangement." From the hotel he was carried to the home of his friend, Prof. George Ticknor. There, on the morning of the 20th inst., after some days of horrible suffering, he died quietly, resignedly, his last faintly-muttered words referring to Carolina and the only one of his beloved sisters who survived him.

Thus perished, in his forty-seventh year, in the very flush and noonday of his reputation and intellectual strength, this wise statesman, profound scholar, and accomplished advocate. With somewhat of the capacious and uplifting spell of the poet, he was endowed with the minutest penetration of the philosopher. Indeed, it does not appear extravagant to say of his mind, as Macaulay has said of the mind of Bacon, "*It resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed; fold it, and it was a toy for a lady's hand; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade.*"

* * * * *

I do not think that any man acquainted with the facts of the case will accuse me of partiality when I affirm that although among the noted Charlestonians of a past generation there may have been some whose genius equaled or even excelled that of Robert Young Hayne, yet not one of them could claim in his day to be so universally *beloved*!

In this particular—a power to command the respectful, trusting affection of his fellow citizens of *all* political parties—Hayne occupies a position as unique as it is beautiful.

He was born of a distinguished Colonial and Revolutionary stock in the parish of St.

Paul's, Colleton District, S. C., upon the 10th of November, 1791. Like Legaré, he had Huguenot blood in his veins, but derived from the "distaff side" of the house, his father being of direct English descent. One of a large family, impoverished by the generous folly of his father in "standing security" for a friend, he found himself compelled, after a simply academic—not a university—education, to enter upon the duties of practical life at the age of seventeen! Studying law in the office of the Hon. Langdon Cheves, his unusual industry and ardor insured his admission to the bar before he was twenty-one.

Owing to a strange combination of circumstances most of the immense practice of the Cheves firm passed at once into his hands. From that period to the time of his decease his career was an almost uninterrupted series of professional and political successes. Firstly as a prosperous advocate in private causes, then as State legislator, Attorney-General, Senator in Congress, Governor of Carolina at a crisis of fearful peril, and the indomitable promoter of a system of railroad communication with the far West. As a lawyer Hayne's three strongest points were, the logical clearness and fullness of the statement of his cases to the court; his peculiar manner of examining witnesses, "which," says a contemporary of eminence, "displayed the happy faculty of conciliating the good will of the person under examination, even though prejudiced against his client"; and lastly his consummate oratorical skill in appealing to a jury. Impassioned and ardent by nature, his self-control was wonderful.

Now, these great qualities modified in accordance with the necessities of the occasion, that is to say, a logical precision which never descended to useless and fastidious *technique*, a persuasive charm, not of mere manner but of intellectual processes, and a subtle spiritual comprehension of the attitude of other minds, and the fervor of an elocutionary power, disciplined and irresistible—these never failed him, however sudden and unexpected the call upon their resources.

In the balance of faculties, regulated always by practical wisdom, in the remarkable quickness with which he comprehended an exigency and provided the proper remedy, in a masterful command of his own passions, and consequent superiority to the passions of others, he was, indeed, a born ruler of men.

It was in the Senate of the United States

that Hayne's chief political triumphs were won. He scored his *first* great success in his speech against the Tariff bill of 1824, the initial speech of a series of arguments, illustrative facts, and logical deductions against the "protective system," which rose to so eloquent a height in his denunciation of the subsequent and, as *he* regarded them, the still more grievous tariffs of 1828 and 1832.

But the congressional debate which procured for Hayne a wide and permanent *national* renown, was the well-known controversy with Daniel Webster, originating in "Foot's resolutions" concerning the public lands. Any one who studies the political text-books of the North, as issued from time to time during the last forty years, will observe that the authors of a number of these *not* specially veracious productions, when referring to this debate, generally conclude, in quite an "*ex cathedra*" tone, to the effect that Hayne was not only *worsted* by his colossal adversary, but abolished, annihilated, left without a single constitutional spar or plank whereon he might float to land from the "*mare tenebrarum*" of a ruinous, engulfing defeat.

Fortunately, touching this debate, the full records exist from which a *fair* estimate of its character may be formed. One thing is assured, whatever opinion as to the issue of the argument may be reached by different individuals, the entire controversy (conducted with studious courtesy on both sides) must be pronounced one of the most memorable and splendidly contested debates which the annals of American eloquence can furnish.

Three years after, those long brooding clouds of political trouble, originating in the "tariff" and kindred questions, grew so black and threatening that Hayne left the Senate and repaired homeward.

Chosen a member of the State Convention, and elected chairman of a committee of twenty-one distinguished citizens, Hayne reported the "Ordinance of Nullification," "preceded by a discussion of the causes of disaffection, and followed by addresses to the people of the State and United States respectively."

Almost directly upon the passage of this "ordinance" Hayne was elected chief magistrate of Carolina. He was a brave man—none braver, physically and morally—but I fancy, nevertheless, that a temporary shiver passed over those iron nerves when he contemplated the duties and responsibilities of his official position.

His "inaugural" address was characteristically forcible and impassioned. He reviewed in rapid, fiery phrases all the important questions at issue. The appeals to his own people glow with a Demosthenic ardor, a vigor of sincere purpose.

William C. Preston, who was present at the delivery of this address, declares, "Never have I listened to so successful a display of eloquence. It inspired the hearers with irrepressible enthusiasm. I myself was agitated and subdued under its influence; many wept from excitement, and *all, without distinction of party*, were borne away and entranced by the magic powers of the speaker.

Great events now rushed pell-mell, as it were, upon each other.

President Jackson, siding with the consolidationists, issued a furious "Proclamation," threatening South Carolina with military coercion. Old Hickory's temper was well known. He was not a man to be stopped by any trifling impediments in the way of supposed or *real* constitutional privileges. An autocrat by nature, his military and civic triumphs had turned the iron in his blood to something harder still.

Of course, his "Proclamation" proved sufficiently terrifying. It reached Columbia, South Carolina, while the legislature was in session, and was laid before the Committee on Federal Relations. Hayne was asked to undertake an official reply. He consented, and the result was the issue of a counter proclamation "in as little time as was necessary for the mere penmanship," a document of wonderful dignity and calm logic, but so rife with a high, indomitable spirit, that, in the language of George McDuffie, it "aroused the loftiest feelings of the country." Its effect in Washington seems to have been somewhat bewildering.

As may be readily conjectured, Jackson was all agog for immediate war, but *even* "Democratic kings" must pay some heed, now and then, to their soberer advisers, and "*halté là*" passed along the lines of cabinet officials when their chief talked of "villainous saltpetre," and in the tone of "*la petite Vengeance*"—that tender friend of Madame Defarge—hissed out as a benevolent finality, "Extermination!" And now, while this sword of a political Damocles hung over his State and city; while his people were themselves divided, and the threat of invasion from *without* was echoed by the cry of a more fatal strife *within*, Hayne steeled himself for the dreadful trials at hand; determined

to do his duty, as *he* interpreted it, under all conditions, and in the face of every conceivable obstacle.

Charleston fumed and muttered like a volcano upon the eve of eruption! The party of "Unionists," although in a minority, were powerful, earnest, and determined.

Many a "house was divided against itself;" sons carrying the cockade of "Nullification," while their fathers bore uncompromisingly the badge of the Union. Brother warred against brother; old friends and comrades, never alienated before, passed by each other with a cold nod, or worse, a glance of deadly animosity.

The whole atmosphere was charged with anger and passion and bitterness. Every man was on the *qui vive* for signals of conflict! Not a residence could be found which had not become to some extent an armory. More and more ominously every day were the lines of demarkation drawn. A single untimely word, the quiver of a threatening hand, and civil war with its unmeasured horrors would have deluged the streets in blood.

Think of the sentiments and the responsibility of the man who at such a period was called to keep "watch and ward" over elements thus inflammable!

But the Governor's courage rose with the occasion. His energies responded to every call. His vigilance could not be lulled. His patience was sublime!

One afternoon, a ship laden with munitions of war for the State had arrived in harbor. About twelve o'clock on the night succeeding, his Excellency learned that a committee of the "Unionists" was just then forming to board this vessel and throw the property of the State into the dock. He was urged to order out a volunteer company of "Nullifiers" to protect the public "arms," etc. "I will commit no such suicidal folly," he exclaimed, sternly. "Suppose that our 'arms' are thrown into the dock! what is the mere loss of *property* compared with the importance of maintaining our principles *pacifically*? Were I to do as you wish, *nothing* could prevent a bloody collision! No, gentlemen, I am *unalterably determined* that, if blood must be shed in this controversy, *the first drop shall be shed by our opponents*." Repeatedly, he enacted the same beneficent rôle.

If civil war was finally averted, and an honorable "Compromise" secured, these results were due, under God, to the wise statesmanship, the noble forbearance, and the devoted patriot-

ism of Hayne! . . . Retiring from his stormy Gubernatorial duties, he passed for a brief period into private life. But the peace and tranquil enjoyments of the hearth-stone (much as he appreciated them) were not for him. "*Le délicieux far niente*" must yield to the demands of a magnificent enterprise, no less than the establishment of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Railroad, the directors of which unanimously elected Hayne their president. He went to work with his usual thoroughness and enthusiasm. There was something in his temperament which enabled him to grapple, almost joyfully, with the severest duties. He gloried in "the public service, as the boy who laughs, bounds, and drives the ball before him." Through his well-directed efforts, charters were obtained for the new company from the legislatures of several States; and he succeeded, likewise, in securing for it important banking privileges in South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

From State to State he traveled, addressing legislative and popular assemblies, urging them to support a measure of such vital usefulness, and finally enormous profit.

But convulsion and ruin swept over the commercial world. The project was fatally embarrassed. For the first time in his career, Hayne found himself face to face with insuperable difficulties. Even his great heart began to sink. Eager Gain carped at his doings. Jealous Misfortune turned upon him her cold, selfish, reproachful eye!

They demanded of him not merely that he should conquer *difficulties*; he must also *trample* upon *impossibilities*!

In September, 1839, he presented a final report of proceedings to the stockholders of the railroad company at Ashville, North Carolina.

Exhausted in mind and body by unintermitted toils, baffled by circumstances which no mortal sagacity could have foreseen—or foreseeing, could have provided against—Hayne was attacked by a malignant fever, and in less than a week, at the zenith of his life and fame, was summoned

"To begin the great Life that no Death can o'ertake,
And to dream the great Dream that no tumult can wake."

His dissolution was felt to be a *national* calamity! There were men among the mountain farmsteads of Virginia, and the remotest villages of the "Granite State," who grieved for his death as sincerely, if not as profoundly,

as the people of his own loving, and beloved Carolina.

His remains, temporarily deposited near Ashville, were afterwards removed to Charleston.

. . . "Genius" is a potent word which one sees continually miscomprehended, and misapplied, even by those profound gentlemen who, somewhat after the style of Stern's favorite animals grouped upon the hill-top, are in the habit of "viewing and reviewing us" in the big periodicals!

But when we encounter a mind in which all of the higher faculties are so marvelously *balanced* as to produce the most perfect intellectual harmony; a mind in which no special endowment plays so conspicuous a part as to shackle the necessary and normal action of *other* endowments no less important, where imagination but vitalizes logic, and the shrewd analytical understanding never, in its subtlest excursions among *details*, loses sight of those generalizations which expand while they emphasize the *whole*, then may we say philosophically and truthfully of the person thus gifted, he is man of *genius*!

It is because Hayne fulfilled such mental conditions that we should crown *him* with this jeweled and royal phrase.

A word as to his private character. It presented an extraordinary contrast to the loose domestic *morale* of too many of his political contemporaries.

Indeed, if that side of his nature turned toward the public view was spotless *silver*, the reverse of the shield was *golden*!

My readers may be interested to learn something of Hayne's *personnel*. Considerably above the medium height, his form was vigorously and justly proportioned, with that breadth of shoulders and that depth of chest which usually betoken the possession of great lung-power.

His features, though not regular, were exceedingly agreeable, with an almost indefinable aspect of latent force.

He had a superb forehead, eyebrows much darker than the gray eyes they surmounted, a slightly prominent nose, a mouth large but determined, and a cleft chin of truly antique roundness and beauty.

In repose his countenance might appear inexpressive, his eyes vaguely introspective and dreamy; but once animated by the soul which lay behind its impassive surface, and the transformation was startling. Then the

gray eyes kindled, deepened, grew inspired, every line of his face woke, as it were, from slumber, every feature blazed with eagerness, intelligence, passion.

* * * * *

Visiting my native city during the autumn of 1870, after a long exile, I went into the grave-yard of St. Michael's Church and looked once more upon the noble monument, erected by his widow, to the memory of Robert Y. Hayne.

Immediately beside this monument, and casting a golden gloom across the marble urn upon the top, a young laurel tree—young still though planted more than forty years ago—lifts its dark, graceful crown heavenward, extending its shadowy boughs as if in reverential protection of the dead.

Slowly, from the decaying dust beneath, its roots have gathered sap and strength, to be communicated to the lusty trunk and waving

branches, and to glisten in the deep-green, melancholy beauty of its million unfading leaves.

Slowly those tenacious roots take firmer hold upon the soil; that sturdy trunk expands by insensible degrees toward the fullness of maturity; those waving branches shoot more boldly up into the sky, while the circle of innumerable leaves grows into intenser verdure, which catches added radiance from the sunshine and a sweeter music from the breeze!

Thus, in the solemn memorial fields of History, the fame of this noble genius gathers vigor in the quietude, and a freshened luster from the lapse of Time. There it rises undefaced in a charmed region of its own; a region in whose soil all pure renown is nourished and kept alive as an example to the nations that come after it, whose sunlight is the smile of God, whose airs are the airs of immortality!*

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

*NOTE.—This conclusion, describing General Hayne's monument, together with some sentences here and there chiefly in reference to dates and local facts, I have taken from two more elaborate biographies of Legaré and Hayne which I contributed, more than fourteen years ago, to Dr. Bledsoe's *Southern Review*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORACLE OF DODONA.

I lie beneath the summer trees,
And list the Oracle's decrees,
Which, as of old, the world receives
Transmitted through the rustling leaves.
Except these sylvan whisperings
And one far bird that fitful sings,
All other sounds to sleep are wooed
Upon the breast of Solitude.

The lisping leaves, with lull and lay—
Dodona's lips, that start and stay
In rapturous sighs, in still content,
Divinely sweet, divinely sent—
Make soft, insinuant minstrelsy
That sings glad messages to me,
With rhyme and music that belong
Unto the Universe's song.

I list, and youth and love keep time
Unto this melody and rhyme,
Till, suddenly, a chilly breeze
Discordant shudders through the trees,
And I in fancy see, instead,
Their leafless limbs, the summer fled,
And see myself as bleak as they,
When youth and love have fled away.

Harrison Robertson.

THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, DECEMBER 7, 1862.

ON Sunday, the 7th day of December, 1862, in Washington County, in the northwestern part of Arkansas, and near the Indian Territory, an engagement took place between the Union and Confederate forces called the "Battle of Fayetteville" or "Illinois Creek," but which is better known as the "Battle of Prairie Grove," which had an important bearing on subsequent military operations in the Trans-Mississippi part of the country.

There are on file in the War Department in Washington forty official reports and congratulatory addresses to the troops, written by officers engaged, purporting to give correct statements of the battle and the preliminary movements and skirmishes. Thirty-one of these documents are by Union and nine by Confederate officers.

With such a mass of official information available, it would seem that a clear and truthful history of the battle might readily be written; yet so obscure, confused, and contradictory are these official records, that it is impossible to write an intelligible and accurate narrative of the engagement which shall be consistent in itself and with the official records.

Discrepancies as to the particulars of a battle naturally occur in the reports from the different sides. Even when no strong influences operate on the writers to give a deceptive tone and coloring to their reports, the fact that they view the engagement from different standpoints, and that no observer can see all that is passing over an extensive field, may very naturally lead them into conflicting statements. In this instance, however, the differences are unusually wide and radical.

For instance, General Thomas C. Hindman, commanding the Confederate forces, states that he carried into the engagement less than ten thousand men of all arms. He estimated the enemy's force at from fourteen thousand to eighteen thousand, with sixty pieces of artillery; and their losses to have been about 1,900, while his own were 1,317. General James G. Blunt, commanding the Union forces, says he had in the engagement only seven thousand men; that General Hindman admitted his own force in the engagement to have been twenty-eight thousand; that the Confederate loss, in killed on the field was 1,000, and the wounded exceeded 2,000 (General Herron, next to Blunt in rank on the Union side, thinks the Confederate

loss in all will reach from 5,000 to 8,000), while his own total loss in killed, wounded, and missing was only 1,148. Both Generals Hindman and Blunt, when in conversation under flag of truce the day after the battle seem, with much frankness, to have admitted defeat—and yet in official reports General Hindman states that at the close of the engagement the enemy fled beyond the prairie, and he adds: "At dark the battle closed, leaving us masters of every foot of ground on which it was fought."

On the other hand, General Blunt reports officially that both General Marmaduke (now Governor of Missouri) and General Hindman "acknowledged to me in an interview under flag of truce that they had been well whipped," and in an address to his troops five days after the battle he congratulates them on having gained in that battle complete success and a brilliant victory, and adds: "No battle during the present war has been more determined and bloody, and never was there a field upon which, considering the number of troops engaged, and the time occupied, the slaughter was as great."

Even the minor incidents preceding an engagement are greatly magnified—not to use a stronger term. General Marmaduke mentions that on the fifth two of his advancing brigades engaged the enemy's pickets and drove them back, whereas General Blunt reports that on the same day his pickets encountered the enemy in vastly superior numbers and drove them six miles into the mountains.

It is impossible to wholly reconcile such contradictory statements. Nevertheless, when divested of redundant exaggeration and vain boasting, and when the residuum is clearly analyzed, the reports disclose the salient and most important incidents of a well-contested and unusually bloody engagement, in which the numbers engaged and the losses sustained were strikingly near equality, and which, with some notable exceptions, was highly creditable to the endurance and valor of the troops engaged.

On the 3d of December, 1862, the First division, Brigadier-General James G. Blunt commanding, of the Army of the Frontier was on Cane Hill, about twelve miles southwest of Fayetteville, in the northwestern part of Arkansas. The Second and Third divisions of the same army, both divisions com-

manded by Brigadier-General Herron, were *en echelon* from Wilson's Creek, Missouri, about one hundred miles from Fayetteville, toward the latter place. In the absence of Major-General Schofield, Brigadier-General Blunt was in command of the Army of the Frontier.

On the same date the First corps of the Trans-Mississippi Army, Major-General Thomas C. Hindman commanding, was in the vicinity of Van Buren, Arkansas. That section of country was destitute of food, and the Arkansas River was too low for navigation. The scant rations for the men and forage for the cavalry horses and draft animals was hauled about eighty miles to their camps. General Hindman was convinced that it would very soon be necessary to move the greater part of his command to the vicinity of Little Rock to subsist it. But it would not be safe to leave a small force near Van Buren while the enemy occupied Cane Hill in force. Knowing that one division, the First, estimated at from seven to eight thousand men, with thirty pieces of artillery, occupied Cane Hill, and that the other two divisions of the Army of the Frontier were from seventy to one hundred miles away to the north, General Hindman determined to attack the First division at Cane Hill and destroy or drive it off before it could be joined by the Second and Third divisions.

Cane Hill is a ridge of about eight miles in length by about five in width in the southwestern part of Washington County, Arkansas, and just beyond the northern base of Boston Mountain. There are three villages, Russellville, Boonsborough, and Newburg, merging into each other and stretching from three to five miles along the ridge road to Fayetteville. The main body of the Union force, under General Blunt, was in and around Newburg.

The distance from Van Buren to Newburg is forty-five miles. The intermediate country is a rugged and sterile range of mountains. The four principal roads across those mountains diverging from Van Buren converge on Fayetteville. One of these roads bending to the east and following Frog Bayou, crosses the mountains, then following the west fork of White River, enters Fayetteville from the southeast; another, called the telegraph road, runs generally upon mountain ridges directly northward; a third, branching off from the telegraph road about twelve miles from Van Buren, follows the Cherokee line to Evansville, thence

north by Cincinnati and Maysville to Fort Scott. From Evansville there is a road through the Cane Hill country to Fayetteville. At Olivers, nineteen miles from Van Buren on the telegraph road, another branch road turns off to the left, following the valley of Cove Creek to the base of the mountains, and after crossing them, passing through a succession of defiles, valleys, and prairies, enters Fayetteville from the southwest. At Morrows, fifteen miles north of Olivers, a branch of the Cove Creek road starts and leads directly to Newburg, seven miles distant. Eight miles above Morrows the Cove Creek road is crossed by another leading from Hog Eye, five miles to the east on the telegraph road, directly to Newburg. Two miles further on a branch road leads by Rhea's Mills to Maysville, and crosses the Cane Hill and Fayetteville road two miles from the Cove Creek road at a point seven and a half miles from Newburg, twelve and a half miles from Fayetteville, and two and a half miles from the junction of the Cove Creek with the Cane Hill and Fayetteville roads. The distance from Van Buren to Fayetteville is fifty miles by the shortest and sixty-five by the longest of these roads.

Having, with difficulty and much labor, accumulated half rations for seven days, General Hindman moved northward on the 3d of December, with nine thousand infantry, two thousand and three hundred cavalry, and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Lack of shoes and arms prevented him from taking his entire force. He expected, and so stated in a dispatch to the Department Commander, to return to the vicinity of Van Buren immediately after the engagement he was seeking, because he had barely ammunition enough for a single battle, and but scant subsistence and forage for seven days on half rations.

General Marmaduke's cavalry division of three brigades, Shelley's, MacDonald's, and Carol's, which was already well advanced northward, moved in advance from Dripping Springs. Shelley's brigade of about eleven hundred men followed the Cove Creek road, MacDonald's, of about seven hundred men, the telegraph road, and Carol's, reduced to about five hundred effective, and commanded by Colonel Monroe, moved on the most westerly road which nearly follows the line of the Creek or Indian Nation. Colonel Watts with his Cherokee regiment was ordered to Evansville, with instructions when he heard the firing to move forward and occupy certain mills in the

Cane Hill country, and attack the enemy's trains should they, as was anticipated, retreat in that direction.

The two infantry divisions under Generals Shoup and Frost marched on the telegraph road and bivouacked at Oliver's on the night of the 4th. There news was received that General Blunt had been reinforced by three thousand or four thousand men. It was not until the 6th that the infantry reached Morrows. It will be seen that the march was excessively slow, thirty-four miles from the 3d to the 6th, due to the bad condition of the roads and the draft animals, and to "some of those apparently unavoidable delays to which troops so ill-provided as ours are liable," says General Hindman.

On the 5th, Colonel Monroe's small cavalry brigade marched across and joined Shelley's brigade on the Cove Creek road, both brigades moving on the latter, while MacDonald pressed forward on the telegraph road. During the day Colonel Shelley's advance encountered a large scouting party of the enemy, which made a bold dash at the advancing foe, but Colonel Jean's Second Missouri cavalry met and drove them several miles back. At night Shelley came upon a strong outpost occupied by the Second Kansas cavalry at the junction of the Cane Hill and Cove Creek roads.

Before day-dawn on the 6th, Shelley threw his brigade, dismounted, on the Second Kansas, which, after a highly creditable stand against superior numbers, retired and was pursued to within two miles of the main body of the First division, at Newburg. There, from the crest of the mountain to its base, about sunset, a sharp combat occurred, in which Colonel I. C. Monroe and his brigade of Arkansas cavalry who had relieved Colonel Shelley greatly distinguished themselves. Colonel Hunter's regiment of Missouri infantry of Parson's brigade of Frost's division soon occupied the ground which Colonel Monroe's cavalry had gained, and was joined there by the remainder of Parson's brigade to hold the heights and defiles. Thus, as the night of the 6th set in, the Confederates were in full possession of the Cove Creek road above and below its junction with the Cane Hill road, the greater part massed close to the Union outposts.

On the morning of the 3d, General Blunt telegraphed General Herron, near Wilson's Creek, Missouri, of Hindman's advance, and ordered him to hasten with all speed by forced marches to join him, and especially to hasten

forward his cavalry, which was in advance near Cassville. These orders were promptly obeyed, and the march was made with rapidity and endurance highly creditable to the troops.

The advance Federal cavalry was in supporting distance of General Blunt on the 5th. The rear division (the Second) of infantry arrived in Fayetteville at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and the commander, Colonel Dye (at present Chief of Police of the District of Columbia), being then informed of the urgent need of the junction of his division with General Blunt's, hastened forward without rest or food.

The prompt and rapid march of the Second and Third to join the First division had snatched from General Hindman the chance of attacking the First division alone.

On the night of the 6th General Hindman called all of his general officers together for consultation, and informing them that information had reached him that General Herron, with two divisions, was then at or near Fayetteville and hastening to form a junction with General Blunt, desired their opinions as to the best course to pursue. The Confederate force was at that time on the Cane Hill road, and six or seven miles distant from the mass of Blunt's force. The Confederate commander had no time for hesitation or delay. He had started on the expedition with but half rations for seven days, and was then at the close of the fourth day. To withdraw without fighting at all would probably demoralize his troops and perhaps embolden the enemy to follow and force an engagement under even greater disadvantages than then confronted him.

Near the point where the troops were then bivouacked there was another road leading off to the right which, after crossing a mountain ridge, came into the road in rear of Cane Hill, upon which Herron was approaching. There was a possibility that by leaving a small and aggressive force in General Blunt's front, to occupy his attention and produce the impression that he was to be attacked in front in force, Hindman could, by taking this last mentioned road, throw the main body of his force against Herron, then known to be marching from Fayetteville toward Cane Hill, defeat and disperse his command, and then turn upon and engage Blunt on equal terms. General Marmaduke strongly advocated this plan. With two supporting divisions so near him General Blunt, if attacked in front, would in all probability withdraw northward to hasten a junc-

tion with General Herron, and thus by their combined force turn the balance of probabilities of success decidedly against the Confederates.

General Shoup on the other hand as strongly urged that they should move promptly forward on the direct road, so as to begin the attack at early dawn. The road by which it was proposed to make the detour to the rear of Cane Hill was about double as long as the one which would bring them directly upon Blunt's main body. If the detour were made, it was more than probable, from information received as to General Herron's march, that when the Confederate columns debouched into the main road in rear of Cane Hill, they would have both Blunt and Herron upon them, and the result might well prove disastrous. After mature deliberation, General Hindman decided to make the detour.

Colonel Monroe was ordered to remain on the crest of the mountain with his cavalry brigade, and at daylight to skirmish briskly as infantry with the force in his front, to delude the enemy and detain him at Newburg as long as possible, and to push him vigorously when he commenced to retire. At midnight Colonel Parsons, after replenishing his camp-fires, moved back to Morrows. The trains were ordered by a cross-road to the telegraph road and thence to Hog Eye, guarded by one hundred cavalry and the disabled infantry, of whom there were many. Those arrangements left General Hindman less than ten thousand men of all arms to carry into the impending engagement.

The command was ordered to move forward at 3 A. M., but was not in motion until nearly 4 A. M., on the Cove Creek road and its Maysville branch to the Cane Hill and Fayetteville road. The roads were so excessively bad and the battery horses so reduced and debilitated that the two infantry divisions did not march more than two miles per hour. Marmaduke's cavalry moved with more speed on the Cove Creek road.

General Blunt, ascertaining on the morning of the 7th that the Confederate commander had left only a small force, Monroe's cavalry, to engage his attention in front while the main force was making a flank march to his left to intercept and engage General Herron, then marching rapidly from Fayetteville toward Cane Hill, dispatched his train, guarded by the Third Indiana regiment, on the road to Rhea's Mills; the whole of the First division, preceded

by Colonel Wickersham's cavalry brigade of the Third division, was ordered to move rapidly in the direction of Fayetteville to form a junction with General Herron. After marching about three miles the cavalry commander by some mistake took the road to Rhea's Mills, instead of the one to Fayetteville, and was followed by the infantry, thus defeating the purpose of forming a quick junction with General Herron.

General Marmaduke with Shelley's and MacDonald's brigade of his cavalry division reached the junction of the Cove Creek with the Cane Hill and Fayetteville road about day-dawn, and there ascertained that a cavalry force was but half a mile distant in his front. Leaving a part of Shelley's brigade and Bledsoe's artillery at that point to resist the enemy coming from either direction, he sent the remainder of that brigade forward toward Fayetteville to attack the advancing Federals in front, while MacDonald's brigade moved rapidly to attack in flank and rear.

The Federal force immediately in front was the First Arkansas (Federal) cavalry, Colonel Harrison commanding, and Seventh Missouri cavalry. Both regiments had just made forced marches, the latter having arrived and bivouacked at that point about midnight. They were unprepared and completely surprised; after a few shots many men threw down their arms and surrendered; the others fled, throwing away their arms and all that could impede their flight, and, hotly pursued by MacDonald's two regiments, Young's and Crump's. General Herron's advance guard, the First battalion, First Missouri cavalry, was unable to stem the torrent of fugitives, and in attempting to check the pursuit was severely handled, losing the commander, Major Hubbard, captured. The pursuit was continued four or five miles, to within six miles of Fayetteville, where the main column of the Federal forces was met. "It was with great difficulty," says General Herron, "that we got them (the flying cavalrymen) checked, and prevented a general stampede of the battery horses; but, after some hard talking and my finally shooting one cowardly whelp off his horse, they halted."

Colonel Harrison, who had reached the point where he was surprised by the enemy, had reported to General Blunt that his regiment was so exhausted that he could not march before Monday the 8th.

"Whether his regard for the Sabbath or the fear of getting into a fight prompted him to

make such a report to me, I am unable to say; but judging from his movements that he was not a man upon whom to place much reliance on the battle-field, I ordered him to proceed by daybreak to Rhea's Mills to guard the transportation and supply trains at that point, the first brigade having been ordered to join me at Cane Hill. Had he, instead of making unnecessary delay, promptly obeyed that order, he would not have had a part of his command and transportation captured by General Marmaduke's advance, as occurred on the morning of the 7th."

In the headlong flight and pursuit the Confederates captured about two hundred prisoners, five hundred rifles and small arms, forty wagons and teams, with blankets and all manner of army clothing and commissary stores, which were promptly secured and sent to the rear. General Herron's infantry and artillery soon arrested Marmaduke's pursuit, who, finding himself in the face of the main body of the enemy, drew off his cavalry and fell back across Illinois Creek to join the infantry divisions of the Confederate force, closely followed by General Herron.

In the meantime, from 4 to 11 o'clock in the morning, the divisions of Generals Shoup and Frost were toiling over bad roads, so exhausted from lack of food it would seem that though rapidity of march was essential to success, they had marched but fifteen miles in seven hours. They had been on half rations for more than a month, had eaten nothing since the day before, and many, overcome by fatigue, had fallen by the roadside.

General Shoup, who commanded the leading division, finding that General Marmaduke was falling back before the enemy's infantry, placed his division in position to meet an expected attack. He had with admirable judgment selected a strong defensive position, which gave the name to the engagement that followed.

It was upon the brow of a densely wooded hill, descending abruptly to Crawford's Prairie, half a mile in width, encircling the northern half of the hill; three quarters of a mile to the north, and between the hill and the advancing enemy, ran Illinois Creek, easily fordable but thickly bordered. Five hundred yards in rear to the south of the hill was another prairie. Between the two prairies on the right and left were skirts of woods connecting the timber of the hill with that beyond. On the summit of the hill was Prairie

Grove Church. The Cane Hill and Fayetteville road traverses the middle line of this hill, passing by the church, where it is crossed by another road connecting the Cane Hill and Fayetteville with the Cove Creek road, dividing the south prairie from the timber upon the hill. This position had been reached by the Confederates about 1 o'clock A.M., too late to engage General Herron's command alone, as had been designed.

"The interval of time in which I might have attacked Herron was past. Circumstances did not permit me to avail myself of it for the manifest reason that at the favorable moment the rear of my column could not be where the head of it was."

Finding himself between Blunt and Herron, the former four or five miles to the left and rear, the latter a mile or two in front and advancing, Hindman, in a brief conference, had been advised by General Shoup to leave as small a force as could be relied on to hold the strong position about Prairie Grove Church against Herron, and as quickly as possible turn and throw the main body against Blunt; and when asked what force could probably hold Herron in check, Shoup replied that he thought he could do it with his two brigades, new conscripts though they were. He was directed to undertake it, and immediately proceeded to make his dispositions accordingly, under the impression that the main body would move against Blunt. Hindman seems, however, to have changed his mind, and passing from the aggressive to the defensive attitude, decided to receive both Blunt and Herron at and about Prairie Grove. The shape of the hill determined the line of battle, which was nearly in the form of a horseshoe. Shoup, who supposed his division alone was to receive Herron's attack, ordered up his only battery to sweep the ford over the little stream which Herron's advance guard had just reached, placed Fagan's brigade along the crest of the hill and held the other brigade in *echelon* in the rear to aid in the attack on Blunt, if necessary, or as a second line to hold Herron, if Fagan's brigade should not be able to withstand the attack. The troops were carefully instructed, and had it impressed upon them to reserve their fire until the enemy approached to within short and effective range, and having delivered their fire deliberately, not to stand and receive, but to spring forward and meet every charge, and these instructions were admirably obeyed. Shelley's brigade, dismounted,

occupied the center of the line on Shoup's left; his and Shoup's commands confronting Herron, who was rapidly forming on a bluff beyond the prairie to the north. Frost's division, to which had been added the brigade of Texans, with Clark's Missouri regiment, commanded by Brigadier-General Roane, was held in reserve. MacDonald's brigade, composed of his own regiment of Missouri cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel M. L. Young commanding, and Lane's regiment of Texas cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Crump commanding, was held in readiness to meet any attempt to turn either flank.

To feel the Confederate position, Herron ordered a section of Battery E, First Missouri light artillery, supported by the Ninety-fourth Illinois infantry, to cross the creek on the main road and open fire, but the ford was within range of the Confederate guns, which quickly caused the section and its support to re-cross the creek. Convinced that Hindman's whole force was immediately in front of him, Herron decided to attack immediately, rightly conjecturing that his fire would draw Blunt to his support.

To cover the passage of the creek on the main road, Colonel Huston, commanding the second division, cut a passage through the timber to the creek half a mile from the road, and carried across Battery F (Murphy's) First Missouri light artillery of six guns, three of which, under Lieutenant Marr, took a commanding position in the open field; the other three, under Captain Murphy, took a more elevated position about four hundred yards to the right, the Thirty-seventh Illinois infantry supporting the half battery on the right, the Twentieth Iowa that on the left, the Twenty-sixth Indiana infantry in reserve. About midday a rapid and well-aimed fire from these guns drew the Confederate fire upon them, and under cover of it three other batteries—Captain Backof's, and Lieutenants Foust's and Borries'—supported by the Nineteenth Iowa, Twentieth Wisconsin, and Ninety-fourth Illinois infantry, passed over the creek, and soon the twenty-four field-pieces were in active play on the Confederate position, and continued for about an hour. In that time, says Herron, the Confederate batteries were silenced; but Hindman says he ordered his guns to cease firing, it would seem, to tempt the enemy to assault his position. If that was his object, it succeeded. The second division, under Colonel Huston, and third, under General Herron

in person, were in line of battle. The second brigade, third division, Colonel Orme commanding, was moved to the left to meet what seemed a threatened attack on that flank. The advance of the infantry and artillery across the broad open field was made with admirable steadiness, winning the admiration of their enemy—the artillery, which was excellent, firing rapidly and with telling effect while advancing. When within a hundred yards of the ridge the Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa of Colonel Bertram's brigade were ordered to charge a battery in position near a farm house. The charge was handsomely made, the battery captured, and the two regiments passed on to the crest of the ridge. They were permitted to approach to within sixty or seventy yards of the line when Fagan's Arkansas brigade, a part of McRea's, and the Missourians under Shelley opened a withering fire from their rifles, muskets, and shot-guns, then sprang forward in a counter-charge, drove the enemy back and pursued them far into the prairie until checked by the effective fire of the Union batteries. Colonel Hawthorn's Arkansas regiment recaptured the battery which had been taken in the charge. The slaughter in this charge and counter-charge was very great—the ground was thickly strewn with the killed and wounded, among the killed being Colonel McFarland commanding the Nineteenth Iowa. Colonel Huston having been ordered to support the infantry of the third division in the charge, led in person the Twenty-sixth Indiana and Thirty-seventh Illinois at double-quick. Finding the column of the third division which had just been repulsed so badly cut up as to need time to re-form, he led his two regiments up the hill to assail the Confederates in position. This line, like the first, was permitted to approach to within seventy-five or one hundred yards, when Shoup's infantry, which was lying down, concealed by thick undergrowth, rose and poured a most destructive fire into the advancing line which withstood and returned it with admirable steadiness for a few minutes, then fell back in confusion, but reformed beyond musket range from the foot of the hill where it remained to the close of the action. The two regiments had lost nearly a third of their numbers in killed and wounded. The Twenty-sixth Indiana lost nearly one half of the number carried into action.

General Blunt, with the first division, was at or near Rhea's Mills, about five miles to the west from the field of battle, when he heard

the rapid artillery-firing with which the engagement opened. Leaving the first brigade of his division to guard the trains at Rhea's Mills, he immediately marched with the second and third brigades, by an obscure road, to the sound of the guns, and arrived on the field about 2 o'clock. Entering by the western extremity of the prairie, he formed line of battle about two thousand yards distant from the Confederate line. The left of his line connected with Colonel Dye's brigade, the second brigade, second division, which was on the right of Herron's command. The arrival of the first division inspired with new spirit the two other divisions which, greatly exhausted by long forced marches, had already lost heavily in the two unsuccessful assaults.

Rabb's, Terry's, and Hopkins' batteries, of six pieces each, were quickly placed in position, and in concert with Herron's three batteries twenty-four guns opened a rapid and destructive fire, the prelude to an advance of the infantry along the whole Union line. The well-known military principle, that with new troops the proportion of artillery to the other arms of service should be much increased, was strikingly exemplified in this engagement. From its beginning to its end, the Union artillery, which seems to have been excellent, and admirably served, played a most conspicuous part, and, as may be gathered from the official reports, saved the Union army from disastrous defeat. The Confederate artillery, on the contrary, was very inferior and did not play a conspicuous part in the engagement.

When Blunt's force appeared on the field, Frost's division, till now held in reserve, was thrown in on Shelley's left to meet it. Its movement into position was much impeded by the dense undergrowth and the destructive artillery-fire. Under cover of this fire the infantry advanced along the whole line, General Herron renewed his assault on Shoup's position, which had been so tenaciously held, and the troops under General Blunt's immediate command were thrown forward into the woods and engaged Frost's division. Colonel Weir led the Tenth and Thirteenth Kansas regiments of his brigade upon the right. A part of the Second Kansas cavalry, dismounted, under Captain Crawford, the right wing of the Eleventh Kansas infantry under Colonel Ewing, and the First Indian regiment under Colonel Wattles, upon the left. The Twentieth Iowa, of Colonel Dye's brigade of the second division, was led by Colonel Dye himself on the left

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of the Indians. The left wing of the Eleventh Kansas infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Moonlight commanding, supported Rabb's and Hopkins' batteries. Colonel Wickersham's cavalry viz., the First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, Eighth Missouri, Third Wisconsin, and the first battalion of the Second Wisconsin, were on the extreme right of the Union line to watch any movement against that flank, and guard the road leading to the supply train at Rhea's Mills. By 3 o'clock the whole infantry force and part of the dismounted cavalry, and forty-two field-pieces of the Army of the Frontier were hotly engaged, and so continued for three hours. The last assault upon Shoup's position was most determined, and succeeded in gaining the crest of the ridge and in driving his right some distance back; but when the assailants emerged from the wood into an open space near a small cabin the Confederate fire became too sure and deadly to be withstood. The advancing line wavered, broke, and retired, and was not again rallied. The loss on this part of the field was especially heavy, and such as men who had served in the most sanguinary battles of the war up to that time had never before witnessed.

The Federal and Confederate accounts of this conflict of three hours' duration are exceedingly confused.

"The contest by this time (about 3 P. M.)" says General Blunt, "had become vigorous and determined. The entire infantry of the three divisions, and also a portion of the Second Kansas (dismounted), were engaged in the woods with the rebel infantry, three times their number. The rattle of musketry, uninterrupted for fully three hours, was terrific. The contending armies swayed to and fro, each alternately advancing and retiring. . . .

While the infantry was vigorously contesting every inch of ground, I directed Lieutenant Stoner, with two twelve-pounder mountain howitzers to advance into the woods, which he promptly did, taking position on a little knoll on the right of the Eleventh Kansas; and, directing his guns across a small field where a heavy force of rebels were massed, he poured into them his canister and shell until his ammunition was exhausted and his horses shot down, being compelled to bring away his guns by hand. Lieutenant Tenny was then ordered in with his battery. From his six ten-pounder Parrott guns he opened on them with terrible effect, driving them back with great slaughter."

A little later he ordered his infantry to with-

draw from the wood "in order to draw the enemy from under cover and within range of my artillery. On reaching the open field on their right, just alluded to, I discovered the entire division of General Frost advanced to the edge of the timber and about two hundred yards distant. They opened upon us a fierce fire from Enfield rifles, and were in the act of throwing down the fence to make an assault on the battery, which had no support except my own staff and body-guard, but Lieutenant Tenny with commendable promptness wheeled his guns into position, when the destructive fire of cannister and shell soon sent the rebel hordes back under cover of the wood. . . . The enemy followed up my infantry as they retired from the wood, and with a wild shout rushed out from under cover of the trees, when the two batteries (Rabb's and Hopkins'), supported by the infantry of the Eleventh regiment, belched forth a perfect storm of cannister, producing immense slaughter in the ranks and compelling them again to retire. As darkness approached, the fire, which from both artillery and musketry had been terrific and uninterrupted for over three hours, gradually ceased along the whole line, and my command bivouacked upon their arms, ready to renew the conflict at early dawn."

General Hindman, reporting the operations after Blunt's arrival on the field, says:

"Blunt had now formed line of battle two thousand yards to the front and left of Shoup, and commenced advancing. I ordered Frost's division formed on the left of Marmaduke. The thick undergrowth on that flank rendered it difficult to execute the movement, which was further embarrassed by the well-directed and determined fire of the enemy's batteries. There was, however, no confusion. By the time Frost's division was in line the enemy was nearly across the prairie, and our skirmishers engaged his almost as soon as deployed. His attack was divided against Parson's brigade. It was fierce and prolonged, but ended in his being driven back in disorder with heavy losses. One of Marmaduke's regiments and one of Roane's (both Missourians) shared the honor of this brilliant achievement.

"The enemy now brought up all his artillery, many pieces of which were rifled, and endeavored to shake our troops by playing upon the entire line nearly an hour. Then he attacked with all his infantry, at the same time threatening the extreme left with a heavy cavalry force, and attempting to turn the right. MacDonald's

Missouri cavalry defeated him in the last maneuver. Lane's Texas cavalry and Roane's brigade deterred him from seriously assailing the left, and Shoup's division, Shelley's brigade of Marmaduke's division, and Parson's and Shaner's brigades of Frost's division, gloriously repulsed him in his desperate attack upon the lines. He again fled beyond the prairie, leaving his dead and wounded and the colors of several of his regiments in our hands besides a number of prisoners. . . .

"A furious cannonade was kept up by the enemy until near sunset; then a last attack of his infantry was directed against the line held by Frost. This was a most determined effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. It signally failed, and the enemy paid dearly in killed and wounded for the attempt. At dark the battle closed, leaving us masters of every foot of the ground on which it was fought."

Colonel Weir, commanding second brigade, first division, says of this three hours' engagement:

"The firing was general and very rapid, with occasional lulls, during which we several times attempted to pass the brow of the hill and engage the enemy in close quarters. We were as often repulsed by the rain of bullets. About dark, and while making a final attempt to pass over the brow of the hill, the enemy arose in the timber, with loud yells, surrounded us on all sides, and charged. The air was thick with bullets, and nothing saved us from annihilation but the protection afforded by the brow of the hill. They must have been heavily reinforced; and so overpowering were their numbers that we were compelled to yield before the charge and fall back. At this time, about dark, Rabb's battery and Lieutenant Tenny with First Kansas battery on our right saved us from destruction. Their firing was so rapid and well directed that the enemy was compelled to fall back, and we marched from the field in good order."

It seems that on this, as on many other fields during the war, the fault was committed of attacking by detachments; sending a regiment, a brigade, a division, or a corps to do what should have been done by a brigade, a division, a corps, or the army. The Federal commanders made repeated attempts between 2 o'clock and dark to carry the Confederate position by detachments, and were as repeatedly repulsed, and were saved from complete defeat or much heavier loss than they sustained by their greatly superior force of artillery, which

seems to have been bravely and skillfully handled. Night put an end to the bloody conflict, the Federal forces falling back beyond range, how far does not appear, the Confederates holding their position. The ground between the two was thickly strewn with killed and wounded. General Herron reports that at one place between him and Shoup, on less than two acres of ground, lay three hundred men, Federal and Confederate, killed and wounded. General Blunt reports the Federal loss in killed, wounded, and missing as 1,148. The Confederate loss, he said, could not fall short of 3,000, and would probably exceed that number, 1,000 being killed on the ground. General Hindman reports his own loss in killed, wounded, and missing as 1,317. He estimated the Federal loss at 1,900, and claims to have captured 275 prisoners, including nine officers.

In consideration of the fact that he was in the presence of a superior force of the enemy; that his own men were without food, and his wagons thirty miles in his rear, and could not be brought up without imminent risk of being captured; that his supply of ammunition was far below what would be necessary for another engagement, and that the battery animals were literally dying of starvation, and could not be foraged in the presence of a superior force of the enemy, General Hindman determined to retire. Retaining the main body of his cavalry to cover his front and picket the Cove Creek road two miles to the rear, he ordered his two infantry divisions to retire, and by midnight the rear-guard had passed out of hearing.

The cavalry remaining upon the field was engaged in caring for the killed and wounded

and in collecting arms, which were thickly scattered over the field.

Both Generals Blunt and Herron report that their men rested on their arms during the night in readiness to resume the battle at early dawn.

Nevertheless Blunt sent Dr. Parker of his staff under flag of truce with a note to Hindman asking a suspension of hostilities, that he might care for his killed and wounded. Dr. Parker indicated twelve hours from sunrise the next morning as the duration of the truce. To this Hindman assented most willingly, no doubt, but, not receiving an answer in writing arranging the details, sent a second note suggesting a personal meeting. In ignorance of the fact that the main body of Hindman's force had been in rapid retreat, General Blunt assented to the suggestion by a note dated at six o'clock in the morning of the 8th, and the meeting took place about ten o'clock. During the interview it was discovered that the Confederate Generals Hindman and Marmaduke with a few staff officers were in front of only a few cavalymen who were busily engaged caring for the wounded and gathering arms. On discovering that if he had waited to send in his flag of truce until daylight the field of battle would have been his without a truce, Blunt was not a little chagrined, and some sharp controversy followed a day or two later as to the arms that were gathered on the field. About midday Hindman and Marmaduke retired with the cavalry, leaving the Union General in possession of the bloody field of PRAIRIE GROVE.

Samuel Jones,

Formerly Major-General, C. S. Army.

HADRIAN, DYING, TO HIS SOUL.

*Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?*

"Oh, soul! so sweet, so full of fancies, so enchanting,
Guest and comrade of this body,
Whither now wilt thou escape, where now abide,
Pale ghost, as thou wilt be
Forlorn and cold and lone;
Nor canst thou then make merry as of old,
Nor jest and gibe as was thy wont?"

Susan B. Dixon.

OUR LAST HUNTING GROUNDS.

II. COAST JUNGLES.

THERE are regions on earth where the productive energy of nature has proved an overmatch for the destructive energy of man. The ruggedness of the Taurus range has not protected its highland forests from the axe of the destroyer. The loveliness of the Grecian Islands has not saved them from devastation. But the rank swamp-thickets of the Ganges delta, the forests of the Sunda Islands, the coast jungles of Anam and Siam, have preserved all the luxuriance of their primeval vegetation, and when the saw-mills have devoured the last pine groves of the Sierra Nevada, the wild deer will still find a refuge in the coast forest of our southern gulf coast. In Florida and Southern Georgia there are still true virgin woods, jungle forests that have defied the boldness of the hunter as well as the enterprise of the engineer. The game population of those regions has increased rather than decreased in the course of this century. There is a system of deer-driving still practiced by Mexican sportsmen, especially in Yucatan, where the dry land between the numerous lagoons often forms a peninsula terminating in wooded headlands, surrounded by a narrow strip of sandy beach. Toward these terminal woods game is driven from the adjoining uplands, and the very noise of the approaching pursuers makes their quarry loath to leave the last cover, scores of upland deer often putting themselves in charge of the peninsular buck, who guides his guests to the best of his topographical abilities.

Florida has received such guests from the hunting grounds of all the adjoining States. The *Cervus Virginianus* is hardly by preference a swamp-dweller, but has accepted the situation, and, like the Venetian refugees, may have learned to love his place of refuge. The largest game preserve of our national territory begins on the south shore of the Caloosahatchee River, and, extending south to the southern extremity of the peninsula and east to the Atlantic slope of the Everglades, embraces an area of eleven thousand square miles of jungle forest, broken only by the waters of an occasional lagoon, a *terra incognita* as large as the State of Vermont. This wilderness probably harbors more game than all the New England States taken together. Near Fort Thompson, about fifty miles above the mouth of the Caloosahatchee, there is a point where the river

banks rise in steep bluffs, the *termini* of a "hammock ridge," extending due east toward the south shore of Lake Okeechobee. Hunters who have made their way through the thickets of that hammock report a steady increase of the deer population with every mile further east, and indications of a similar increase further south, where the "Big Cypress" with its submerged jungles impedes the progress of the explorer, though not of the panther who lurks in the shade of the moss-shrouded trees, nor of the countless raccoons, otters, and bears that share the food-supply of those half aquatic hunting grounds.

The phenomenon of life has originated in the tropics, and tropical heat prevents but few animals from making themselves comfortably at home. I have seen a prairie wolf shivering pitifully in a winter storm, peeping out from his snow-bound lair with an expression of life-weary pessimism, but I rarely saw animals in a state of nature betraying any symptoms of discomfort on account of warm weather. On the sultriest afternoons of the dog-days the Florida pine squirrel may be seen running gracefully from branch to branch, deer browsing contentedly in the forest glade, where the pulses of Nature seem to stagnate in the brooding heat, the restless raccoon nosing about heaps of stranded driftwood, all perhaps a trifle less lively than on a breezy spring morning, but evidently at ease in a temperature where the lord of creation, wrapped in superfluous teguments and lined with peppered ragoûts, would hail a snow-storm as a blest relief.

Topographical impediments, too, must become intricate, indeed, to bar the way of the wood-born *feræ*. The Florida deer have inherited or acquired the knack of using the water-ways of the tangled forest, skipping from log to log, avoiding quicksands and edging along the slope of a slimy creek bank where few dogs could maintain a foothold. The panther and his kin are aided by their arboreal habits, sleeping, hunting, and traveling on the slippery branches of the rain-soaked cypress swamps, unconcerned about the risk of an occasional fall or of its possible consequences. On the Chattahoochee I once saw a wildcat walking quietly along a rotten branch, which began to break under her weight as she approached the end, but instead of saving herself by a timely spring, she crouched down and watched the

phenomenon with wide-open eyes and switching tail. When the crash came she clung to her branch through the first half of a forty-foot fall, then let go and alighted on tiptoes in the fork of a "snag" protruding from the shore water, and then settled down for a while, watching the gurgling current and stretching herself at ease, as if the whole adventure had been of her own contriving.

The deer population of the Everglades, the southern continuation of the Big Cypress, might be estimated by the probable limits of the food-supply, but the census of the bird population is incalculable. Myriads of water-fowl swarm, haunting the inexhaustible fishing grounds of the gulf coast, roost, and nest in the swamps of the inland forest; every reed island has its colony of divers and dabchicks, every pine hammock its heron eyries. From the shores of Whitewater Bay, twenty miles north of Cape Sable, vast clouds of cranes and geese may be seen every morning rising from their bivouacs in the fens. Pigeons, quail, and grouse frequent the dry-land thickets, woodpeckers luxuriate in the piny woods; countless winged refugees of the Northern States pass the winter in the forests of the hammock region, and native hunters would laugh at the idea that all the smaller species of indigenous birds are known and classified. The store-keeper at Punta Rassa has a collection of moss-stuffed birds, including nine different kinds of herons, but inclines to the opinion that the "Big Cypress" harbors at least as many more. Every now and then local sportsmen come across specimens answering to no description in Dr. Coues' "check-list," Von Tschudi, the author of *Animal Life in the Alps* ("Das Thierleben der Alpenwelt"), the veteran of the Swiss naturalists, admits that in the last fifteen years he became acquainted with not less than twenty-eight new varieties of Alpine beasts and birds, and his American colleague need not fear that their field of discovery will be exhausted for the next—what shall we say—fifteen hundred years, if we include the coast regions of Texas and the western Rocky Mountains. No less eminent a scientist than Alexander von Humboldt fixed the number of active volcanoes at "407 or 408," allowing for a doubt whether the crater of Orizaba had shown recent signs of activity. Four hundred and ten would have been pronounced an overestimate. It is now known that the Indian Archipelago alone contains over nine hundred; and it is more than possible that the Florida naturalists of the next century

will add a similar appendix to our "complete check-lists." Ten years ago a sportsman on the Upper Kissimee shot a purple gallinule of a variety that has never been seen again; and the crying bird (*Agialites canutus*), once pretty frequent on the south shore of Lake Worth, has now moved further inland, together, perhaps, with dozens of shy congeners that have never enraptured the soul of a collector.

At Cape Barras, opposite Elliot's Key, an old squatter has, at different times, shot specimens of that king-bird of the American Continent, known as the harpy-eagle, in strength, courage, and proud bearing as superior to his white-headed relative as a falcon to a jackdaw. If the *Harpyia destructor* should prove to be a native of the Everglades, it would be a pity that his emblem can not supersede that of our goose-necked escutcheon bird. With his feather-coronet and his fire-eyes the harpy-eagle is the pride of every "Zoo," but to his weaker fellow-birds an object of such panic terror that his presence generally betrays itself by the consternation of the feathered mob: pheasants flying, shrieking, to the cover of the next thicket; pigeons crouching down flat in the next tree-fork, or darting off in zigzag flight, as if trying to dodge the shot of a hunter. A more undoubtedly indigenous bird of the Everglades is the great black-vulture (*Cathartes niger*) and the *Strix bubo*, or great horn-owl, that startles the night of the coast-forests with her strange whooping scream.

The best fishing-waters of the South are probably the lagoons of Lake Okefinoke, in Southern Georgia. Their amazing abundance of sweet-water fish has been explained by the circumstance that several of those lagoons have affluents but no direct outlet; the waters of their tributaries filter through a stratum of bog-land, and deposit masses of vegetable sediment, the basis of inexhaustible stores of fish-food. Floyd Lake, at once the largest and least accessible of these lagoons, is stocked with fish to a degree which, in North America, is perhaps not paralleled anywhere outside of artificial trout-ponds. Any thing in the shape of bait is snapped up at once. Lake-trout, red-snapper, and yellow perch seem here to multiply like rats in a bumboat, while near by, in the east fork of the Suwanee River (the "Little Suwanee," as the local Crackers call it), the same varieties are rather scarce, owing, perhaps, to the ravages of the river-shark and cavallis (*Pampanus defensor*), with their voracious congeners. All the larger lagoons of the

swamp-basin abound with alligators. Where settlements have encroached upon the domain of the wilderness, the cunning saurians have become shyer rather than scarcer. For even in reptiles, self-preservation is the most active instinct. Experience has taught them to avoid the neighborhood, or at least the channels of navigated waters, and to effect their migrations at the safest hours of the night, or else at noon, when the dreaded biped retires to the shade of his habitation. Moreover, they have learned to select their winter-quarters with great circumspection. 'Squire Lillard, of State Line Ferry, Georgia, used to find their hibernation dens in a river-bank, below a cultivated field, but noticed that they gradually withdrew to the wooded opposite shore of the stream, where their females also began to deposit their eggs, though they had to scrape up the requisite sand from the river-bottom, while the other shore was lined with ready-made sand-banks.

But the biped neighbors of the *Crocodilus lucius* have likewise profited by experience. Alligator-shooting has become an exact science. It has been found that the lower scales are by no means impenetrable to right-aimed rifle-balls, and that in rising and diving the North American alligator generally exposes his most vulnerable part, the soft tissue near the insertion of the fore-legs. Besides, since alligator-hides have become a regular article of commerce, professionals use a patent bullet, warranted to penetrate the scale-armor at any thing like a reasonable distance. A modification of these bullets, patented by a French engineer, and first tested on the Nile, insures the desired result by exploding in the hold of the armor-clad, and turning it keel up, torn beyond repair, but generally with the armor and tough lining intact. The Spanish *lagarteros* or cayman-hunters used to fasten their hooks to a chain or ponderous rope, since the dead pull of a fullgrown saurian would snap a two-inch tow like a paper-string. It has now been ascertained that a common inch-rope can be made to answer all purposes by hitching it to an elastic sapling—a stout stick of hickory or Spanish gum—which, in its turn, is fastened in the keel of the boat, and just resists enough to break the force of the plunge. If the hook has caught in the lower part of the jaw, the captive sometimes manages to demolish the tow with his teeth, but that possibility, too, has been obviated by connecting the hook and rope with strands of loose hempsrings, that

sink in the interspaces of his fangs. For it is a curious fact that the teeth of the *Crocodilus lucius*, with all their tremendous efficiency for a snap-bite, are too far apart to masticate his prey. He drags his victims under water, and lugs their bodies off to some wooded bank, where he conceals them in the root-tangle of an overhanging tree or under a convenient rock, till the progress of putrefaction facilitates the task of separating the flesh from the bones.

The alligator serenades on Lake Floyd resemble the distant grunts of a big steam-engine, the hoarse clamor rising and sinking with a rhythmical cadence not quite easy to explain, since one can hardly suppose that the vocalists time their music to a common measure; the object of their symphonies is not less doubtful. It seems hard to believe that the protracted concerts of locusts, frogs, and the larger saurians can have any erotic purpose. Their sleepy monotony appears to preclude that idea. They drone off their lullabies with an unmistakable indifference to ulterior results; their art seems to be its own reward, or may be a sort of audible respiration, if not an expression of eupeptic beatitude. Its psychological action is tranquilizing and somniferous, though in the whole diapason of nature no other *timbre* of sound does so much to mar the effect of the rhythm. The individual alligator-voice is a compound of a grating grunt and a howl. The pairing season of the Mexican cayman (*Alligator sclerops*) is in March, while his concerts are perennial. Those of the northern variety can be heard at any time between April and October, but become especially sonorous at the end of August, when the katydid, too, tunes her fiddle for a series of serenades. It is a harvest song, the plenitude of creature-comforts venting itself in a thanksgiving hymn.

For a pathless wilderness few other regions of the United States can dispute the palm with the great jungle-forest on the west shore of that flowing sea called the Lower Mississippi. The "Sunken Lands," as the early colonists called that monster swamp, extends from the lacustrine bottoms of Hopefield, opposite Memphis, Tennessee, to Riddle's Point, Missouri, and west across three counties of Arkansas to the valley of the St. Francis River, which receives its westward drainage. Surrounded by highly productive and thickly settled farming-lands, this jungle has remained almost intact since the days of Daniel Boone, who entered it from the Kentucky side, but found it too lonesome

even for his ultra-Arcadian tastes. The engineers who built the railroad from Memphis to Little Rock might explain the cause of that contrast. The very survey was impeded by all sorts of distressing difficulties. The flora of the Sunken Lands, though here and there arboreal in the stateliest sense of the word, is a mere film of vegetation on an ooze of mud yielding to every step on the superincumbent root-tangle, and absorbing whole ship-loads of piles with the accommodating promptness of a quicksand pit, only that the hero of a quicksand adventure may get off with a scare, while the slime of the Arkansas bottoms is as black, and almost as tenacious as fluid pitch.

With the aid of a semi-tropical sun this ooze achieves marvels of fecunditive vigor. The underbrush seems adapted to the special purpose of baffling the attack of ordinary wood-cutting implements. The supple twigs bend under the axe without breaking, the vines break without relaxing the grip of their tough fiber; the pioneer has to enforce his right of way with a bush-knife, shaped somewhat like a stout sickle, and must risk that the bush clipped on Monday morning will develop a new set of destructive sprouts before Saturday night. For the eradication of perennial plants is a herculean task: having no *terra firma* to trust to, they intertwine their roots, clinging together for mutual support; and a botanist trying to uproot a small bush will desist with the surprise of the god Thor, who attempted to lift the household cat of Jötunheim and "found that he had got hold of the Midgard Snake, entwined with the roots of the earth." To make things worse, more than half those bushes are spinescent; prickly vines, prickly oaks, and prickly cedars bar the way at every step, briars vegetate with rank luxuriance, novel varieties of ilex and acacia grow up without any leaves to speak of, as if all their vegetative resources had been devoted to the evolution of thorns.

But the contumacy of the vegetation is surpassed by that of the tipulary insects. There are seaport towns where the dram-shops keep open day and night—in stress of competition; and for similar reasons the gnats of the Arkansas bottoms seem unable to respite their victims in daytime. Their fierce buzz pursues the hunter, the swift canoe, and even the railway trains that manage to make their way across the shaky trestle-work of their road. At Blackfish Bayou, and some of the adjoining stations, I saw the section-hands work

with gauze veils over their hats and buckskin gloves over their hands and wrists, but, withal, in that mental status which Charles Lamb describes as "a chronic bias to profanity."

"Skeeters is pretty bad here?" inquired a sympathizing traveler.

"Bad?"—with an indignant scowl at the inadequacy of the term—"it's hell!"

But the four-footed natives do not seem to mind it at all. The "Bear State," the popular sobriquet of Arkansas, seems to have been derived from the staple product of the Sunken Lands. Few regions of the New World can boast of more numerous bears to the square mile; of fatter bears, none. Land, water, and air seem to conspire for their benefit. The depression of the jungle basin exposes it yearly to inundations, discouraging all attempts at extensive settlements, and the climate is just warm enough to obviate the necessity of hibernation. The swamp affords a perennial food-supply. In midsummer, when deer retire toward the hill country, an inexhaustible abundance of berries more than compensates their absence, for it is an established fact that for a certain time of the year Bruin becomes a vegetarian by preference. His northern cousin, on emerging from his winter den, is as cross as a crab, and becomes aggressive for the double purpose of venting his spleen and counteracting the raw March wind with a bit of calorific food; but at the approach of the summer solstice he turns his attention to berries and afterward to acorns and chestnuts. A young though full grown tame specimen at Pickens Court-house, South Carolina, compromised the hibernation question by taking long morning naps, but was generally on hand for dinner; and winter or summer was never known to harm a fellow creature as long as they supplied him with any kind of digestible vegetables. After a two days' fast he would kill a chicken or a rabbit, but dallied with the meat and promptly rejected it in favor of a raw turnip. Bruin's moderation in the use of animal food is more than a virtue of necessity, for in the jungle his weight carries him through the underbrush at a rate that makes him more than a match for the slender deer; but venison loses its charm as soon as blackberries begin to deserve their name. Persimmons and mulberries, too, but especially fox-grapes, absorb his attention to a degree that often makes it possible to watch him unobserved from behind a bush or from the platforms which the hunters of the Sunken Lands build in the tree-

tops of the "knobs"—bits of *terra firma* rising like islands from the midst of the lagoons. *Ursus niger* is an unsocial American, but there is something attractive in his absolute self-sufficiency—the privilege of those whose mental resources enable them to dispense with "altruism," as Schopenhauer defines it. He sniffs about the sunny side of the vine-wreathed trees, steps back to verify his conjectures, and every now and then rises on his hind legs to pull the vines down, undiscouraged by repeated failures, till the sight of a bonanza inspires him to a protracted grunt—a sort of self-congratulatory chuckle. With the same good humor he joins his little cousin Raccoon in a crawfish hunt, or takes a peep at the work of his biped rivals, satisfied that at the present rate of progress their clearings are not yet apt to impair the resources of his reservation.

Those clearings are generally confined to the "knobs" along the line of railroad, mere concavities of the slightly undulating ground, but further northwest rising into hills of sufficient elevation to lift a house above the mosquito-stratum of the swamp atmosphere, and with room enough to spare for a bit of garden-land, to eke out the spontaneous products of the forest. Some of these hunters' strongholds are accessible only by water-ways, and their tenants live as sequestered as our own backwoodsmen, at a time when "a fellow heard no chickens crow but his own," as an old Cumberland mountaineer expressed it. One family per knob is about the average. Rifle, fishing-rod, and spade are their chief means of support, and many of them get along with three yearly shopping-trips, living rather lonely for the rest of the time, but remarkably contented, as a proof how far the luxury of independence outweighs all other luxuries. Want they fear not, as long as their coon skins can be exchanged for powder and lead; but the chief charm of their existence is perhaps the neighborhood of a *terra incognita*, with unlimited chances for exploring trips and all sorts of discoveries from a bee-tree to a bear-den, or a *cache* of the swamp-pirates who haunted these jungles in the days of the Arkansas regulators.

The bug-bears of the Arkansas Traveler, though, can not be found in those hunting-grounds. The knob-squatters are poor, in the dollar and cents' meaning of the word; so much indeed, that few of them are able to indulge in any stimulant but "fox-grape cider;" but they are rich in health and good humor, and their hospitality and freedom from preju-

dices and prudish reserve can encourage an occasional doubt in the justice of Goethe's anathema:

"For to have reached the Arctic isles,
Or coasts of Coromandel,
Avails ye naught; ye there shall find
Tobacco-smoke and scandal."

In certain migratory animals the faculty of direction seems to have become a sort of sixth sense; and on a similar theory a city-dweller would be tempted to explain the instinct of the swamp-ranger who finds his way for miles through an absolutely pathless wildness, for the water-ways, besides forming a bewildering network of bayous and pools, are not always the ways of a fugitive bear. Practice, however, has endowed the hunter with a marvelous memory for topographical details. The top of a dead pine, a clump of live-oaks, a fluttering tuft of Spanish moss, become to him so many long-remembered way-marks; through all its shrouds of tangle-vines he recognizes the shape of a tree, as a veteran detective would recognize the disguised original of a rogue's gallery portrait. The eye learns the art of recording its impressions. And that habit seems to have developed the faculty of observation in general, for it is not easy to find better practical naturalists than the rangers of the Arkansas bottoms. Here alone I met a self-taught philosopher whose observations had led him to suspect the absurdity of the popular snake-charm superstition. "Do you really believe that snakes can catch a bird by 'charming' it?" I inquired. "Yes," said he, "they do catch them; I've seen them do it more than once. But it ain't with their eyes they do it," he added, "its their poison; they get a snap-bite at a thing and catch it as soon as the poison begins to work. A bird a-foolin' around a snake as if he wanted to give her a chance, he ain't in his right mind; he's got a dose that's doing him up—or else he's got a nest near by and wants to draw the snake off. *Charming* be d—d!"

Yet this same skeptic, as well as many of his neighbors, seemed to believe in the existence of a "tree-snake" (some species of *coluber*, perhaps), an ophidian darting through the branches with the swiftness of a lizard, but never descending to *terra firma*.

The best hunter's trail through the Sunken Lands is the watershed of Crowley's Ridge, an almost continuous chain of hillocks stretching from Helena, Arkansas, to the sources of the St. Francis River.

Felix L. Oswald.

BRAGG'S INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

IN the winter and spring of 1862, the Confederates were deprived of the country on the west side of the Mississippi to the Arkansas line. This was by the victory of Pea Ridge in the middle of March. On the east side of the river the country was wrested from them to a line below the northern boundaries of Mississippi and Alabama. This was by the capture of Corinth at the end of the month of June.

As midsummer approached, General Bragg, who had superseded General Beauregard, determined to undertake the recovery of a part of the territory latest lost, and in addition to effect a lodgment in Kentucky on the ground hitherto held by the Union. By this time the Confederate army in Mississippi had recovered from the effects of the campaign in which Corinth had been lost, and its ranks were filling up. Absentees were returning, and recruits and conscripts were joining. With improved health, military exercise became practicable, and instruction, organization, and discipline grew apace. General Bragg selected Chattanooga as his point of departure, and he gradually drew to it the forces destined for the undertaking. These were four divisions of infantry of the Army of Mississippi. They were formed in two corps, one commanded by Major-General Polk, the other by Major-General Hardee. The total of all arms was forty-five thousand men. Kirby Smith, commanding the Confederate Department of East Tennessee, volunteered to assist in the enterprise by moving from Knoxville into Eastern Kentucky. Humphrey Marshall, commanding in Southwestern Virginia, was ordered to support Smith, and Van Dorn and Price, in Northern Mississippi, were directed to occupy the attention of Grant's forces about Corinth and Memphis, to prevent their going to the support of the Union troops holding the theater of the contemplated operations.

The campaign which had resulted in the capture of Corinth having been brought to a close, General Buell prepared to return to Middle Tennessee and resume his original line of operations, which was from Nashville toward East Tennessee. He moved along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad until he arrived at Huntsville, Alabama, where, at the end of the month of June, he established his headquarters. From this point the divisions as they arrived were posted. McCook and Crittenden

were sent to take position on Battle Creek, beyond Stevenson; they arrived on the ground about the middle of July; General T. J. Wood was about the same time sent to Decherd, on the Nashville and Chattanooga road. Nelson, with his division, was moved by rail via Nashville to Murfreesboro, whence he marched to McMinnville, where he took position.

Thomas had been detained at Corinth, but was relieved in time for him to reach Huntsville with his division on the 8th of August. He was pushed forward to Decherd, from which point he threw out a brigade to Pelham, in the direction of Altamont and McMinnville. As thus established, the Army of the Ohio had its right near Stevenson, center near Decherd, and left at McMinnville. Between it and the enemy lay the Tennessee River, Waldron's Ridge, the Sequatchee River, and the Cumberland Mountains. Its forces numbered a third less than those of the enemy, being only about thirty thousand of all arms. Its organization was by divisions—Thomas had the first, McCook the second, Rousseau the third, as successor to General O. M. Mitchell recently relieved, Nelson the fourth, Crittenden the fifth, and T. J. Wood the sixth. A seventh existed, but it was occupying Cumberland Gap; this was George W. Morgan's.

It was General Buell's policy to keep his forces widely distributed, rather than concentrated. This was expedient from the necessity of placing the troops in position where they could be most conveniently subsisted, and where by their labor the repairs of the roads could be effected, and the construction of stockades for defense by a small garrison could be prosecuted.

Up to very nearly the moment of General Bragg's advance, General Buell continued to have the promise that he was to be the aggressor, and be allowed the initiative. It was, therefore, his policy to avoid exposing his line of advance by a concentration of his forces prior to the time fixed for the movement to begin. Concentration at some central point in rear of the passes of a mountain chain is the resort of the defensive; for the passage of the barrier, the rule is best inverted.

For the supply of this line the city of Nashville was the principal depot, and the lines of communication were two railroads: one ran due south, through Franklin, Columbia, Pu-

laski, and Athens, until it intersected the Memphis and Charleston road where it crosses the Tennessee River at Decatur; and the other ran off southeasterly, passing through Murfreesboro, Tullahoma, and Decherd, until it cuts the same road at Stevenson. These roads needed to be repaired at once, for they had suffered greatly from neglect, and there were breaks in them, some at the crossings of streams, which rendered it difficult to feed the newly-arrived troops, who had brought with them from the West only their daily rations.

The guerrillas had begun to organize throughout the country, and were now making themselves felt on our lines of communication. They threatened to render the free passage of trains on the railroad impossible, without either more cavalry to patrol the country, or a systematic protection of the tracks by guards at short intervals. The cavalry was not to be had, and detachments must therefore be posted at bridges, water-tanks, and the like. These were soon matched by the enemy, for the attacking parties grew larger, and by uniting they could always be made stronger than any isolated guard, and could overpower it on the open ground. This led to the necessity of constructing defenses at all important points, and giving them garrisons, each commensurate with its importance. On the road which passed through Murfreesboro blockhouses were built, and in such strength as to resist such light pieces of artillery as a raiding party might carry. This was owing to the importance of the road and its exposed position. For the road leading to Huntsville, stockades seemed sufficient. They were constructed chiefly of the rough trunks of young trees, averaging ten or twelve inches in diameter, closely planted. These made an inclosure of eight or nine feet in height, which was loopholed for musketry; there was a banquettes on the inside, and on the outside a ditch, which prevented the loopholes from being used from that side. All had flanking arrangements. This work cost more than was anticipated, and it was more formidable than at first supposed. It was the end of July before the trains were running in security, and with regularity.

When the Army of the Ohio had been drawn aside from Nashville to participate in the operations of Grant's army against Corinth, one of its divisions remained and continued along the original line toward Chattanooga. This was Ormsby Mitchell's. General Mitch-

ell was energetic and enterprising, but was not gifted with the administrative qualities demanded by his position. He occupied the country down to the Tennessee River, and General Negley, one of his brigade commanders, penetrated to within sight of Chattanooga. But when General Buell arrived on the ground, he found the division in disorder, the troops given to pillage, and as widely dispersed as the indulgence of that habit implies. No supplies had been accumulated, and when the divisions of the Army of the Ohio arrived they were compelled to live from hand to mouth until order could be established. This condition of affairs was fatal to all projects for an immediate advance. It was not until the approach of the month of August that the Union General had so far restored order in the country covered by his troops that he could reasonably undertake to resume his march toward East Tennessee—his original objective. In the meantime the Confederates had left Mississippi early in July, and had been gathering in the vicinity of Chattanooga, in pursuance of their project for the recovery of the eastern part of their lost territory. This accumulation of the enemy in his front was known to General Buell. Soon the magnitude of the preparations made the unwelcome revelation that the Army of the Ohio was, in all probability, to be thrown on the defensive.

Happily the good order restored to that part of the theater of operations which the line from Stevenson to McMinnville covered favored the defense quite as well as the attack, and General Buell awaited with composure the appearance of his antagonist in the arena. The Confederate forces put themselves in motion early in August—their total strength was sixty thousand; of these Kirby Smith had about fifteen thousand. To reinforce General Buell, two divisions were coming from Grant's army, and some new regiments were expected from the States of Ohio and Indiana.

As the middle of August approached, General Bragg sent his vanguard over the river from Chattanooga. Smith moved to cross the mountains by Big Creek Gap and Rogers Gap, intending to debouch in Eastern Kentucky. Bragg's objective was not yet revealed; it might be Nashville, or he might seek to turn the left of Buell's line, seize his communications, and either force him to battle or drive him west till he could gain support from Grant's troops. This would open the center of the Union line, and might lead to the most disastrous results.

On the 15th General Thomas was relieved from the command of his division, at Decherd, and sent to McMinnville to take charge at that point, which, as before mentioned, was the left of Buell's line. Nelson had a few days previously been relieved from the command of his division at this place, and had been ordered to Kentucky to collect the troops there, and organize them for the defense of the communications of the army and of its base of supplies, the city of Louisville. General Nelson arrived in that city on the 22d of August. To his surprise he found himself without authority to act. The State and the troops within it had been taken from under General Buell's command. A new department had been created, under the name of the Department of Ohio, with General H. G. Wright, recently sent from the East, in command—and the State of Kentucky had been made a part of it—thus separating it from the Department of the Cumberland, to which it had hitherto belonged. Wright was Nelson's junior in rank in the volunteer forces. Here there was room for complication, but these officers would not permit it to grow up. Rather than see the plans which he had been sent to execute endangered by being remitted to the hands of a stranger to the theater of the operations, Nelson elected to serve under his junior. The new department had been in existence only a few days, and the new troops that had been allotted it were chiefly assigned to the route leading from Lexington, Kentucky, to Cumberland Gap, held by General George W. Morgan, as previously mentioned.

It was soon understood between General Wright and General Nelson that the latter should organize new levies, and the troops which could be spared from the permanent posts and railroad guards, into the army for service in the field, and that it should be devoted to the protection of the line of communications of the Army of the Ohio. With this view, General Nelson went to Lexington, and thence to Richmond, where he arrived on the 26th. He had with him three general officers to exercise the superior command in the new army. These were Manson, Cruft, and James S. Jackson. To assist in organizing it, he had three officers of the regular army, Captains Gilbert, Terrill, and Gay. Captain Gilbert had been acting as Inspector-General for the Department of the Cumberland since the early days of its formation. Captain Terrill was a light-battery officer, and had won distinction at

Shiloh. Captain Gay had served the most of his army life in the dragoons—he was to be the inspector of cavalry.

Immediately on his arrival, General Nelson divided the infantry between Manson and Cruft, and sent Jackson to Nicholasville to collect the cavalry. The entire force numbered over six thousand all told. Leaving General Manson instructions to make preparations for moving the infantry to Danville, by the way of Lancaster, General Nelson returned to Lexington, and on the 29th sent Captain Gilbert to Cincinnati, to confer with General Wright as to a change in the line of operations, and also to obtain authority for placing the railroad guards in stockades, such as had come into use under his management on the road from Huntsville to Nashville. General Nelson desired to take up a position near Danville with the bulk of his forces, and draw his supplies from Louisville over the Bardstown and Lebanon branches of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. This position he conceived would cover the communications of the Army of the Ohio, and place the new army in close relations with the main body. General Buell had spared no pains to impress on General Nelson the supreme importance of the task which had been confided to him. He was to consider the immediate opening of the communications of the Army of the Ohio with Louisville as the all-important object of his mission—adding that the most momentous consequences depended upon his action. The relief of Morgan at Cumberland Gap was described as an important object—but one that permitted of delay—while the other would allow none excepting at the risk of the gravest consequences. General Nelson therefore lost no time in taking measures to transfer all of his forces from the route to Cumberland Gap over to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He was apprehensive that General Wright would send troops over the Cumberland Gap route in undue proportion.

Captain Gilbert's mission drew from General Wright the letter given below:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
CINCINNATI, OHIO, August 30, 1862. }

General: I infer, from a conversation had with Captain Gilbert last night, that you have misunderstood my views in regard to what is to be done, and how to do it.

In the first place the instructions of General Halleck, such as they were, contemplated the relief of

Morgan as of the first importance, then to open the line to Buell, and with a view to this, to mass the troops at some point in Kentucky. When I arrived, I continued sending regiments forward to Lexington and Lebanon, with the exception of such as seemed to be needed for guarding important points.

The rapidity with which they are arriving at each place now depends upon the localities from which they come. I have designed that the Ohio troops should take the Lexington route, and those from Indiana and Illinois that by Louisville, and I have advised the Governors accordingly, and done my utmost toward urging them to hurry on their troops.

The last advices from Morgan regarding his situation and supplies are so favorable that we can delay any forward movement till we are fully prepared to effectually relieve him, and turn our attention to General Buell's communications. How fast troops will come in on that line I can not say, as the Governors of Illinois and Indiana are much behind the estimates they furnished. I have telegraphed them again on this subject, repeating my former urgent appeal for their quotas.

I wish you would give your attention to the organization of the force, and indicate the places along the road where the troops should be sent. Your knowledge of location will probably enable you to do this better than any one else.

Since writing the above, I have received a telegraph message from General Halleck as follows, in answer to mine of yesterday, expressing the opinion that General Buell's case should receive first attention: "The relief of General Morgan and the holding of Cumberland Gap is deemed of the first importance." You will therefore please make the necessary arrangement for a forward movement in that direction by organizing your forces, directing the making out of the necessary requisitions for supplies, getting information regarding force and positions of the enemy; in short, every thing that can be done where you are toward getting ready promptly. Let me hear from you in regard to the requisite force for the enterprise, bearing in mind that your troops will all be utterly raw.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. G. WRIGHT,

Major-General Commanding.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM NELSON,

Commanding Army of Kentucky, Lexington.

The opening of the communications of the Army of the Ohio was at Washington not deemed of the first importance—the holding of Cumberland Gap had that place—manifestly General Buell's peril was not realized by the President. General Wright being in command on the spot must have been in a dilemma, but he applied himself to the two objects specified in his instructions, and forwarded the new regiments, some to Lexington and some to Lebanon, a point which covered the Louisville and Nashville Railroad in Kentucky, the latter to be used in due time to open the road to the Army of the Ohio.

Kirby Smith relieved General Wright of the thankless task of making a false line of

operations the chief object of his attention, by breaking in on the troops at Richmond so suddenly and with such rapidity that they could make no stand whatever, and before General Wright's letter had time to reach its destination the question of the relief of Morgan was eliminated from the problem. This was on the 30th.

When Nelson heard of the attack on General Manson's brigade in front of Richmond, he rode over to that place. He arrived late in the afternoon; by that time both Manson and Cruft had been defeated. General Nelson endeavored to rally the troops, but in vain, and he was obliged to leave the field, wounded. Taking a country road, he rested during the night at the residence of Cassius M. Clay, and in the morning he resumed his journey and came into Lexington at an early hour. His condition was telegraphed to General Wright, and also a request was preferred that he be authorized to withdraw to Cincinnati for surgical treatment, as the wound was considered of a very dangerous nature on account of its being in the abdomen, and the General had of late been growing corpulent. General Wright replied approvingly, and added that he would himself come to Lexington, and would meet General Nelson on his way out.

General Wright arrived at noon on the 31st. By this time the troops that had escaped capture were coming in. A few of the regiments were entire, and had preserved their organization and reached Lexington in good order. Some arrived in fragments, and others, a very few, seemed to have dispersed almost entirely. The men who remained were soon reorganized sufficiently to be controlled with ease. As troops they were utterly untrained, but as men they were very well disposed and manifested no inclination whatever to make matters worse by acts of violence or disorder. A large number of men from Ohio and Indiana regiments took advantage of the confusion to go home, and, as they made their way across the country to the Ohio River, gave out that all who had escaped capture at Richmond had dispersed and were drifting toward the Ohio all the way from Cincinnati to Louisville.

General Nelson's wound was supposed to be serious, and it was thought he would not be able to resume his duties for some weeks, and General Manson had been taken prisoner; there were accordingly left only two general officers for service in the field, Cruft and Jackson. Neither of these wished to command. It

remained, therefore, to seek some officer to command during General Nelson's absence, and also to provide another general in place of Manson, not likely soon to be exchanged and returned to duty. Under these circumstances Generals Cruft and Jackson united in a letter to General Wright, requesting him to place Captain Gilbert in command as a Major-General, and also to appoint Captain Terrill a Brigadier-General to fill Manson's place.

At this time department commanders and officers of high rank in the West were occasionally authorized by the President to appoint officers of the line from colonels down, and place them on duty and report their action for approval of the President. In this way General Nelson in the previous year was empowered to raise four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, and appoint all the officers. Somewhat later, when General Buell came west, he recommended that Brigadier-Generals be also appointed in this manner, these appointments to be confirmed only in the cases of those who proved themselves worthy.

General Wright received the letter favorably, and made the appointments at once verbally, and after giving some general directions for General Gilbert's guidance, took the cars for Louisville, where he issued the formal order and named General Gilbert as temporary commander of the Army of Kentucky. At a later day he fixed the limits of General Gilbert's authority and his relations to General Boyle, commanding the Middle District of Kentucky, and also the city of Louisville as one of the posts of that district. The letter of Generals Cruft and Jackson, the order of appointment, and the letter of instructions are given at the end of this chapter in illustration of the methods of that day.

The question of relieving General Morgan at Cumberland Gap having been for the time being set at rest by the presence of Kirby Smith in Eastern Kentucky, the troops at Lexington were no longer needed in that part of the State, and they were either to be withdrawn to Cincinnati or be conducted to Louisville, to be applied to the remaining of the two principal objects placed before General Wright by the authorities at Washington. General Wright decided that they should march to Louisville. At 5 P. M. the column left Lexington by the road to Frankfort. It was preceded by a train of over a hundred and fifty wagons loaded with such supplies as could easily be handled. With this train there were

five pieces of artillery, for which no trained artillerist could be found among the troops.

The march was conducted in good order and without any interruption from the enemy, and when Louisville was reached, which was on the 5th of September, the troops took up their quarters in and around its outskirts. General Cruft camped on some vacant ground immediately south of Broadway, between the Louisville and Nashville depot and Beargrass Creek. General Jackson had his camps in the broken ground east of the city, and as far out as the Fair Grounds. The cavalry was sent below the city to occupy the margin of the river and some islands near the Kentucky shore, which were now easy of access on account of the low stage of water in the stream, for the drought that prevailed so extensively this season in Kentucky had already set in.

The city of Louisville and the line of the railroad were now in the power of the column from East Tennessee, for, had General Smith continued his march with his command united, he would have had no organized force in his way excepting, perhaps, the new regiments which had been sent to Lebanon, and had been formed into a brigade with General Dumont in command. This brigade was of like composition as those of Manson and Cruft, so easily overthrown at Richmond, and would have been as quickly beaten by the seasoned troops that composed General Smith's army.

"TELEGRAMS."

CINCINNATI, OHIO, August 31, 1862.

TO CAPTAIN C. C. GILBERT:

General Nelson's coming to Cincinnati is approved. I leave for Lexington at seven this morning. I desire to meet the General on the road.

(Signed) H. G. WRIGHT, *Major-General.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO, August 31, 1862.

TO CAPTAIN C. C. GILBERT:

Stop the regiments if you think best; mass the troops and get them in shape as well as you can; confer with General Nelson on subject. Under present uncertainty concerning matters I can't give definite instructions. I shall leave here in an hour or two for Lexington. (Signed) H. G. WRIGHT,

Major-General Commanding.

LEXINGTON, September 1, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL WRIGHT, *Commanding Dep't Ohio:*

Our brave and excellent commander, General Nelson, having been seriously wounded, and so becoming incapacitated to continue the command for the present, we feel that the exigencies of the case require that some one or more true and competent officers be appointed at once to take command of the army now centering at this place.

We would earnestly recommend the appointment of Captain C. C. Gilbert, of the First Infantry, U. S. A., to be Major-General in command of all the forces here, and of Captain W. R. Terrill, of Fifth Artillery,

U. S. A., to be Brigadier-General in command of a brigade. Both of these officers are now here, rendering efficient service in many capacities, and we believe that their efficiency would be greater and the interest of the command promoted by conferring on them the ranks herewith respectfully suggested and recommended.

Respectfully,
(Signed) J. S. JACKSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Cavalry.
(Signed) CHARLES CRUFT,
Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, September 1, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. —:

I. Captain C. C. Gilbert, First Infantry, U. S. A., is hereby appointed a Major-General of Volunteers, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, and is assigned to the command of the Army of Kentucky during the temporary absence of Major-General Nelson.

II. Captain William R. Terrill, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is hereby appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, and will report to Major-General Gilbert for instructions. . . .

By command of Major-General Wright.
(Signed) C. W. FOSTER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, September 3, 1862. }

General:

On your arrival at this place with the forces under your command, you will combine them with the troops now here, placing them in such convenient position in advance of the city as may be best suited for its protection. Other troops, as they arrive, will be sent by Brigadier-General Boyle, commanding in Louisville, to be by you organized into brigades and divisions. The temporary command will embrace the troops at Lebanon, the commander of which has been instructed to hold himself in readiness to fall back upon this place in the event of his being threatened by superior force. It is my intention to mass the troops of the department, as far as practicable, in advance of this place and of Covington, with a view of covering those two points and to make the requisite preparation for a forward movement. Large reinforcements are promised by the Governors of the States of Indiana and Illinois within the next four days, and General Granger, with his division from General Grant's army, has been ordered by the General-in-Chief to this point. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. G. WRIGHT,
Major-General Commanding.
MAJOR-GENERAL C. C. GILBERT,
Commanding Army of Kentucky, Louisville.
C. C. Gilbert.

"EARTH TO EARTH, AND DUST TO DUST."*

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust"—
Savior, in thy word we trust;
Sow we now our precious grain,
Thou shalt raise it up again!
Plant we the terrestrial root
That shall bear celestial fruit;
Lay a bud within the tomb,
That a flower in heaven may bloom.

Severed are no tender ties,
Though in earth's embrace she lies;
For the lengthening chain of love
Stretches to the home above.

Mother, in thy bitter grief,
Let this thought bring sweet relief:
Mother of an angel now,
God, himself, hath crowned thy brow
With the thorns thy Savior wore;
Blessed art thou evermore;
Unto him thou didst resign
A part of life which was thine.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust"—
Sad the trial—sweet the trust;
Father, thou who seest death
Gathering grain at every breath,

As his sickle sharp he wields
O'er our bloody battle fields,
Murmur not that now he weaves
This sweet flower into his sheaves.

Taken in her early prime—
Gathered in the summer time—
Autumn's blast she shall not know,
Never shrink from winter's snow.

Sharp the pang that thou must feel,
Sharper than a foeman's steel,
For thy fairest flower is hid
Underneath the coffin-lid;
On her grave thou dropp'st no tear;
Warrior, stern must thou appear,
Crushing back the bitter grief
Which, in vain, demands relief.
Louder still thy country cries,
At thy feet she, bleeding, lies;
And before the patriot, now,
Husband, father, both must bow.

But unnumbered are thy friends,
And from many a home ascend
Earnest, heartfelt prayers for thee,
"As thy days, thy strength may be."

*This poem was published in the *Southern Churchman* in 1862, at the time of the death of Annie Carter Lee, a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, who died October 20, 1862, at Jones' Spring, Warren County, N. C.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "A Family Affair," "Bound Together," Etc.

PART I.

TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.

I.

I WISH I had the courage to begin this tale by turning to my professional visiting books, and, taking at random any month out of the last twenty years, give its record as a fair sample of my ordinary work. The dismal extract would tell you what a doctor's—I suppose I may say a successful doctor's—lot is, when his practice lies in a poor and densely-populated district of London. Dreary as such a beginning might be, it would perhaps allay some of the incredulity which this tale may probably provoke, as it would plainly show how little room there is for things imaginative or romantic in work so hard as mine, or among such grim realities of poverty, pain, and grief as those by which I have been surrounded. It would certainly make it appear extremely unlikely that I should have found time to imagine, much less to write, a romance or melodrama.

The truth is, that when a man has toiled from nine o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, such leisure as he can enjoy is precious to him, especially when even that short respite is liable to be broken in upon at any moment.

Still, in spite of the doleful picture I have drawn of what may be called "the daily grind," I begin this tale with the account of a holiday.

In the autumn of 1864 I turned my back with right good-will upon London streets, hospitals, and patients, and took my seat in the North Express. The first revolution of the wheels sent a thrill of delight through my jaded frame. A joyful sensation of freedom came over me. I had really got away at last! Moreover, I had left no address behind me, so for three blessed weeks might roam an undisputed lord of myself. Three weeks were not very many to take out of the fifty-two, but they were all I could venture to give myself; for even at that time my practice, if not so lucrative as I could wish, was a large and increasing one. Having done a twelve-months' hard work, I felt that no one in the kingdom could take his holiday with a conscience clearer than mine, so I lay back in peculiarly contented

frame of mind, and discounted the coming pleasures of my brief respite from labor.

There are many ways of passing a holiday—many places at which it may be spent; but, after all, if you wish to enjoy it thoroughly there is but one royal rule to be followed. That is, simply to please yourself—go where you like, and mount the innocent holiday hobby which is dearest to your heart, let its name be botany, geology, entomology, conchology, vinery, piscation, or what not. Then you will be happy, and return well braced up for the battle of life. I knew a city clerk with literary tastes, who invariably spent his annual fortnight among the mustiest tomes of the British Museum, and averred that his health was more benefited by so doing, than if he had passed his time inhaling the freshest sea-breezes. I dare say he was right in his assertion.

Sketching has always been my favorite holiday pursuit. Poor as my drawings may be, nevertheless, as I turn them over in my portfolio they bring, to me at least, vivid remembrances of many sweet and picturesque spots, happy days, and congenial companions. It is not for me to say any thing of their actual merits, but they are dear to me for their associations.

This particular year I went to North Wales, and made Bettws-y-Coed my headquarters. I stayed at the Royal Oak, that well-known little inn dear to many an artist's heart and teeming with reminiscences of famous men who have sojourned there times without number. It was here I made the acquaintance of the man with whose life the curious events here told are connected.

On the first day after my arrival at Bettws my appreciation of my liberty was so thorough, my appetite for the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature so keen and insatiable, that I went so far and saw so much that when I returned to the Royal Oak night had fallen and the hour of dinner had long passed by. I was, when my own meal was placed on the table, the only occupant of the coffee-room. Just then a young man entered and ordered something to eat. The waiter knowing, no doubt, something of the frank *camaraderie* which exists, or should exist, between the followers of the painter's craft, laid his

cover at my table. The new-comer seated himself, gave me a pleasant smile and a nod, and in five minutes we were in full swing of conversation.

The moment my eyes fell upon the young man I had noticed how singularly handsome he was. Charles Carriston—for this I found afterward to be his name—was about twenty-two years of age. He was tall, but slightly built; his whole bearing and figure being remarkably elegant and graceful. He looked even more than gentlemanly—he looked distinguished. His face was pale, its features well-

cut, straight and regular. His forehead spoke of high intellectual qualities, and there was somewhat of that development over the eyebrows which phrenologists, I believe, consider as evidence of the possession of imagination. The general expression of his face was one of sadness, and its refined beauty was heightened by a pair of soft, dark dreamy-looking eyes.

It only remains to add that from his attire I judged him to be an artist—a professional artist—to the backbone. In the course of conversation I told him how I had classified him. He smiled.



WE WENT OUT AND SAT ON ONE OF THE WOODEN BENCHES.

"I am only an amateur," he said; "an idle man, nothing more—and you?"

"Alas! I am a doctor."

"Then we shall not have to answer to each other for our sins in painting."

We talked on pleasantly until our bodily wants were satisfied. Then came that pleasant craving for tobacco which, after a good meal, is natural to a well-regulated digestion.

"Shall we go and smoke outside?" said Carriston. "The night is delicious."

We went out and sat on one of the wooden benches. As my new friend said, the night was delicious. There was scarcely a breath of air moving. The stars and the moon shone brightly, and the rush of the not far distant stream came to us with a soothing murmur. Near us were three or four jovial young artists. They were in merry mood; one of whom that day had sold a picture to a tourist. We listened to their banter until, most likely growing thirsty, they re-entered the inn.

Carriston had said little since we had been out-of-doors. He smoked his cigar placidly and gazed at the skies. With the white moonlight falling on his strikingly beautiful face—the graceful pose into which he fell—he seemed to me the embodiment of poetry. He paid no heed to the merry talk of the artists, which so much amused me—indeed, I doubted if he heard their voices.

Yet he must have done so, for as soon as they had left us he came out of his reverie.

"It must be very nice," he said, "to have to make one's living by art."

"Nice for those who can make livings by it," I answered.

"All can do that who are worth it. The day of neglected genius is gone by. Müller was the last sufferer, I think—and he died young."

"If you are so sanguine, why not try your own luck at it?"

"I would; but unfortunately I am a rich man."

I laughed at this misplaced regret. Then Carriston, in the most simple way, told me a good deal about himself. He was an orphan, an only child. He had already ample means; but Fortune had still favors in store for him. At the death of his uncle, now an aged man, he must succeed to a large estate and a baronetcy. The natural, unaffected way in which he made these confidences—moreover made them not, I knew, from any wish to increase his importance in my eyes—greatly impressed me. By the time we parted for the night I had grown much interested in my new acquaintance—an interest not untinged by envy. Young, handsome, rich, free to come or go, work or play as he listed! Happy Carriston!

II.

I am disposed to think that never before did a sincere friendship, one which was fated to last unbroken for years, ripen so quickly as that between Carriston and myself. As I now look back I find it hard to associate him with any, even a brief period of time subsequent to our meeting, during which he was not my bosom friend. I forget whether our meeting at the same picturesque spot on the morning which followed self-introduction was the result of accident or arrangement. Anyway, we spent the day together, and that day was the precursor of many passed in each other's society. Morning after morning we sallied forth to do our best to transfer the same bits of

scenery to our sketching blocks. Evening after evening we returned to dine side by side, and afterward to talk and smoke together, indoors or outdoors as the temperature advised or our wishes inclined.

Great friends we soon became—inseparable as long as my short holiday lasted. It was, perhaps, pleasant for each to work in company with an amateur like himself. Each could ask the other's opinion of the merits of the work done, and feel happy at the approval duly given. An artist's standard of excellence is too high for a non-professional. When he praises your work he praises it but as the work of an outsider. You feel that such commendation condemns it and disheartens you.

However, had Carriston cared to do so, I think he might have fearlessly submitted his productions to any conscientious critic. His drawings were immeasurably more artistic and powerful than mine. He had undoubtedly great talent, and I was much surprised to find that good as he was at landscape, he was even better at figure. He could, with a firm, bold hand, draw rapidly the most marvelous likenesses. So spirited and true were some of the studies he showed me, that I could without flattery advise him, provided he could finish as he began, to keep entirely to the higher branch of the art. I have now before me a series of outline faces drawn by him—many of them from memory; and as I look at them the original of each comes at once before my eyes.

From the very first I had been much interested in the young man, and as day by day went by, and the peculiarities of his character were revealed to me, my interest grew deeper and deeper. I flatter myself that I am a keen observer and skillful analyst of personal character, and until now fancied that to write a description of its component parts was an easy matter. Yet when I am put to the proof I find it no simple task to convey in words a proper idea of Charles Carriston's mental organization.

I soon discovered that he was, I may say, afflicted by a peculiarly sensitive nature. Although strong, and apparently in good health, the very changes of the weather seemed to affect him almost to the same extent as they affect a flower. Sweet as his disposition always was, the tone of his mind, his spirits, his conversation, varied, as it were, with the atmosphere. He was full of imagination; and that imagination, always rich, was at times weird, even grotesquely weird. Not for one moment

did he seem to doubt the stability of the wild theories he started, or the possibility of the poetical dreams he dreamed being realized. He had his faults of course; he was hasty and impulsive, indeed to me one of the greatest charms about the boy was that, right or wrong, each word he spoke came straight from his heart.

So far as I could judge, the whole organism of his mind was too highly strung, too finely wrought for every-day use. A note of joy, of sorrow, even of pity, vibrated through it too strongly for his comfort or well-being. As yet it had not been called upon to bear the test of love, and fortunately—I use the word advisedly—fortunately he was not, according to the usual significance of the word, a religious man, or I should have thought it not unlikely that some day he would fall a victim to that religious mania so well known to my professional brethren, and have developed hysteria or melancholia. He might even have fancied himself a messenger sent from heaven for the regeneration of mankind. From natures like Carriston's are prophets made.

In short, I may say that my exhaustive study of my new friend's character resulted in a certain amount of uneasiness as to his future—an uneasiness not entirely free from professional curiosity.

Although the smile came readily and frequently to his lips, the general bent of his disposition was sad, even despondent and morbid. And yet few young men's lives promised to be so pleasant as Charles Carriston's.

I was rallying him one day on his future rank and its responsibilities.

"You will, of course, be disgustingly rich?" I said.

Carriston sighed. "Yes, if I live long enough; but I don't suppose I shall."

"Why in the world shouldn't you? You look pale and thin, but are in capital health. Twelve long miles we have walked to-day—you never turned a hair."

Carriston made no reply. He seemed in deep thought.

"Your friends ought to look after you and get you a wife," I said.

"I have no friends," he said sadly. "No nearer relation than a cousin a good deal older than I am, who looks upon me as one who was born to rob him of what should be his."

"But by the law of primogeniture, so sacred to the upper ten thousand, he must know you are entitled to it."

"Yes; but for years and years I was always going to die. My life was not thought worth six months' purchase. All of a sudden I got well. Ever since then I have seemed, even to myself, a kind of interloper."

"It must be unpleasant to have a man longing for one's death. All the more reason you should marry and put other lives between him and the title."

"I fancy I shall never marry," said Carriston, looking at me with his soft, dark eyes. "You see, a boy who has waited for years expecting to die, doesn't grow up with exactly the same feelings as other people. I don't think I shall ever meet a woman I can care for enough to make my wife. No, I expect my cousin will be Sir Ralph yet."

I tried to laugh him out of his morbid ideas.

"Those who live will see," I said. "Only promise to ask me to your wedding, and better still, if you live in town, appoint me your family doctor. It may prove the nucleus of that West-End practice which it is the dream of every doctor to establish."

I have already alluded to the strange beauty of Carriston's dark eyes. As soon as companionship commenced between us those eyes became to me, from scientific reasons, objects of curiosity on account of the mysterious expression which at times I detected in them. Often and often they wore a look the like to which, I imagine, is found only in the eyes of a somnambulist—a look which one feels certain is intently fixed upon something, yet upon something beyond the range of one's own vision. During the first two or three days of our newborn intimacy I found this eccentricity of Carriston's positively startling. When now and then I turned to him, and found him staring with all his might at nothing, my eyes were compelled to follow the direction in which his own were bent. It was at first impossible to divest oneself of the belief that something should be there to justify so fixed a gaze. However, as the rapid growth of our friendly intercourse soon showed me that he was a boy of most ardent poetic temperament—perhaps even more a poet than an artist—I laid at the door of the Muse these absent looks and recurring flights into vacancy.

We were at the Fairy Glen one morning, sketching, to the best of our ability, the swirling stream, the gray rocks, and the overhanging trees, the last just growing brilliant with autumnal tints. So beautiful was every thing around that for a long time I worked, idled, or

dreamed in contented silence. Carriston had set up his easel at some little distance from mine. At last I turned to see how his sketch was progressing. He had evidently fallen into one of his brown studies, and, apparently, a harder one than usual. His brush had fallen from his fingers, his features were immovable, and his strange dark eyes were absolutely riveted upon a large rock in front of him, at which he gazed as intently as if his hope of Heaven depended upon seeing through it.

He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering,

terrible tourist girls scrambled down the rugged steps, and one by one passed in front of him. Neither their presence nor the inquisitive glances they cast on his statuesque face roused him from his fit of abstraction. For a moment I wondered if the boy took opium or some other narcotic on the sly. Full of the thought I rose, crossed over to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. As he felt my touch he came to himself, and looked up at me in a dazed, inquiring way.

"Really, Carriston," I said, laughingly, "you must reserve your dreaming fits until we are



I LAID MY HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER.

in places where tourists do not congregate, or you will be thought a madman, or at least a poet."

He made no reply. He turned away from me impatiently, even rudely; then, picking up his brush, went on with his sketch. After a while he seemed to recover from his pettishness, and we spent the remainder of the day as pleasantly as usual.

As we trudged home in the twilight, he said to me in an apologetic, almost penitent way.

"I hope I was not rude to you just now."

"When do you mean?" I asked, having almost forgotten the trivial incident.

"When you woke me from what you called my dreaming."

"Oh dear, no. You were not at all rude. If you had been, it was but the penalty due to my presumption. The flights of genius should be respected, not checked by a material hand."

"That is nonsense; I am not a genius, and you must forgive me for my rudeness," said Carriston simply.

After walking some distance in silence he

spoke again. "I wish when you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. It does me no good."

Seeing he was in earnest I promised to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whither his thoughts wandered during those abstracted moments.

"I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances—circumstances which you can not explain—you might be able to see things which are invisible to others?"

"To see things. What things?"

"Things, as I said, which no one else can see. You must know there are people who possess this power."

"I know that certain people have asserted they possess what they call second sight; but the assertion is too absurd to waste time in refuting."

"Yet," said Carriston dreamily, "I know that if I did not strive to avoid it some such power would come to me."

"You are too ridiculous, Carriston," I said. "Some people see what others don't because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine any thing. But your eyes—handsome eyes they are, too—contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carriston; "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule every thing which breaks what you are pleased to call the law of Nature. Yet take all the unaccountable tales told. Nine hundred and ninety-nine you expose to scorn and throw grave doubt upon, yet the thousandth rests on evidence which can not be upset or disputed. The possibility of that one proves the possibility of all."

"Not at all; but enough for your argument," I said, amused at the boy's wild talk.

"You doctors," he continued, with that delicious air of superiority so often assumed by laymen when they are in good health, "put too much to the credit of diseased imagination."

"No doubt: it's a convenient shelf on which to put a difficulty. But go on."

"The body is your province, yet you can not explain why a cataleptic patient should hear a watch tick when it is placed against his foot."

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it may aid you to get rid of your rubbishing theories if I tell you that catalepsy, as you understand it, is a disease not known to us; in fact, it does not exist."

He seemed crestfallen at hearing this. "But what do you want to prove?" I asked. "What have you yourself seen?"

"Nothing, I tell you; and I pray I may never see any thing."

After this he seemed inclined to shirk the subject, but I pinned him to it. I was really anxious to get at the true state of his mind. In answer to the leading questions with which I plied him, Carriston revealed an amount of superstition which seemed utterly childish and out of place beside the intellectual faculties which he undoubtedly possessed. So much so, that at last I felt more inclined to laugh at than to argue with him.

Yet I was not altogether amused by his talk. His wild arguments and wilder beliefs made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain—even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the eccentricities which I have mentioned, I reckoned Carriston the pleasantest friend I had ever made. His amiable nature, his good looks, and perfect breeding had endeared the young man to me; so much so that I resolved, during the remainder of the time we should spend together, to do all I could toward talking the nonsense out of him.

My efforts were unavailing. I kept a sharp lookout upon him, and let him fall into no more mysterious reveries; but the curious idea that he possessed, or could possess, some gift above human nature, was too firmly rooted to be displaced. On all other subjects he argued fairly and was open to reason. On this one point he was immovable. When I could get him to notice my attacks at all his answer was:

"You doctors, clever as you are with the body, know as little of psychology as you did three thousand years ago."

When the time came for me to fold up my easel and return to the drudgery of life, I parted from Carriston with much regret. One of those solemn, but often broken, promises to join together next year in another sketching tour passed between us. Then I went back to London, and during the subsequent months, although I saw nothing of him, I often thought of my friend of the autumn.

III.

In the spring of 1865 I went down to Bournemouth to see, for the last time, an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had for

a traveling companion a well-dressed gentlemanly man of about forty years of age. We were alone in the compartment, and after interchanging some small civilities, such as the barter of newspapers, slid into conversation. My fellow traveler seemed to be an intellectual man, and well posted up in the doings of the day. He talked fluently and easily on various topics, and judging by his talk must have moved in good society. Although I fancied his features bore traces of hard living and dissipation, he was not unprepossessing in ap-

pearance. The greatest faults in his face were the remarkable thinness of the lips, and his eyes being a shade closer together than one cares to see. With a casual acquaintance such peculiarities are of little moment, but for my part I should not choose for a friend one who possessed them without due trial and searching proof.

At this time the English public were much interested in an important will case which was then being tried. The reversion of a vast sum of money depended upon the testator's sanity



"YOU PREDICT HE WILL GO MAD," HE SAID.

or insanity. Like most other people we duly discussed the matter. I suppose, from some of my remarks, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject.

"You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends and insanity begins," he said thoughtfully.

"Yes. The boundary line is in some in-

stances hard to define. To give in such a dubious case an opinion which would satisfy myself I should want to have known the patient at the time he was considered quite sane."

"To mark the difference?"

"Exactly. And to know the bent of the character. For instance, there is a friend of mine. He was perfectly sane when last I saw him, but for all I know he may have made great progress the other way in the interval."

Then, without mentioning names, dates, or

place, I described Carriston's peculiar disposition to my intelligent listener. He heard me with wrapt interest.

"You predict he will go mad?" he said.

"Certainly not. Unless something unforeseen arises he will probably live and die as sane as you or I."

"Why do you fear for him, then?"

"For this reason. I think that any sudden emotion—violent grief, for instance—any unexpected and crushing blow—might at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him."

My companion was silent for a few moments.

"Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked.

I laughed. "Doctors never give names when they quote cases."

At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After wondering what station in life he occupied I dismissed him from my mind, as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

Although I did not see Charles Carriston I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass my next holiday together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for the open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carriston. He was now, he said, roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of my last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb, and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, fairly comfortable. He thought we could not do better. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carriston. He had a reason for changing his name—a foolish reason I should no doubt call it. When we met he would let me know it.

This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with every thing necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting

Carriston. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was pitched, so my friend had secured the services of a primitive vehicle and a strong shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

So soon as our first hearty greetings were over I proceeded to ascertain how the last year had treated Carriston. I was both delighted and astonished at the great change for the better which had taken place in his manner no less than his appearance. He looked far more robust; he seemed happier, brighter—altogether more like ordinary humanity. Not only had he greeted me with almost boisterous glee, but during our drive through the wonderful scenery he was in the gayest spirits and full of fun and anecdote. I congratulated him heartily upon the marked improvement in his health, both mentally and physically.

"Yes, I am much better," he said. "I followed a part of your advice—gave up moping, tried constant change of scene, interested myself in many more things. I am quite a different man."

"No supernatural visitations?" I asked, anxious to learn that his cure in that direction was complete.

His face fell. He hesitated a second before answering.

"No—not now," he said. "I fought against the strange feeling, and I believe have got rid of it—at least I hope so."

I said no more on the subject. Carriston plunged into a series of vivid and mimetic descriptions of the varieties of Scotch character which he had met with during his stay. He depicted his experiences so amusingly that I laughed heartily for many a mile.

"But why the change in your name?" I asked, when he paused for a moment in his merry talk.

He blushed, and looked rather ashamed. "I scarcely like to tell you; you will think my reason so absurd."

"Never mind. I don't judge you by the ordinary standard."

"Well, the fact is, my cousin is also in Scotland. I feared that if I gave my true name at the hotel at which I stayed on my way here, he might by chance see it, and look me up in these wild regions."

"Well, and what if he did?"

"I can't tell you. I hate to know I feel like

it. But I have always, perhaps without cause, been afraid of him—and this place is horribly lonely."

Now that I understood the meaning of his words I thought the boy must be joking; but the grave look on his face showed he was never further from merriment.

"Why, Carriston," I cried, "you are positively ridiculous about your cousin. You can't think the man wants to murder you."

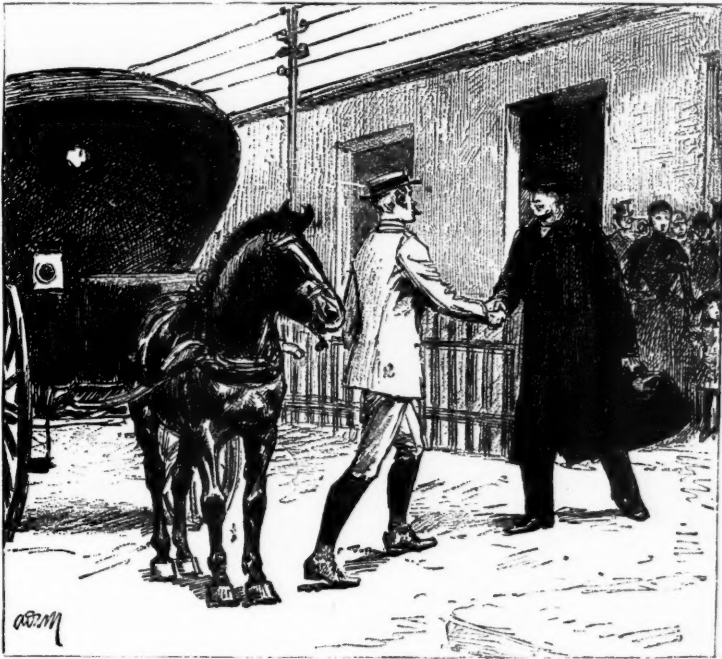
"I don't know what I think. I am saying things to you which I ought not to say; but

every time I meet him I feel he hates me, and wishes me out of the world."

"Between wishing and doing there is a great difference. I dare say this is fancy on your part."

"Perhaps so. Anyway, Cecil Carr is as good a name up here as Charles Carriston, so please humor my whim and say no more about it."

As it made no difference to me by what name he chose to call himself I dropped the subject. I knew of old that some of his strange prejudices were proof against any thing I could do to remove them.



MY FRIEND HAD SECURED THE SERVICES OF A PRIMITIVE VEHICLE AND A STRONG SHAGGY PONY.

At last we reached our temporary abode. It was a substantial, low-built house, owned and inhabited by a thrifty middle-aged widow, who, although well-to-do so far as the simple ideas of her neighbors went, was nevertheless always willing to add to her resources by accommodating such stray tourists as wished to bury themselves for a day or two in solitude, or artists who, like ourselves, preferred to enjoy the beauties of Nature undisturbed by the usual ebbing and flowing stream of sight-seers.

As Carriston asserted, the accommodation,

if homely, was good enough for two single men; the fare was plentiful, and our rooms were the picture of cleanliness. After a cursory inspection I felt sure that I could for a few weeks make myself very happy in these quarters.

I had not been twenty-four hours in the house before I found out one reason for the great change for the better in Charles Carriston's demeanor; knew why his step was lighter, his eye brighter, his voice gayer, and his whole bearing altered. Whether the reason was a

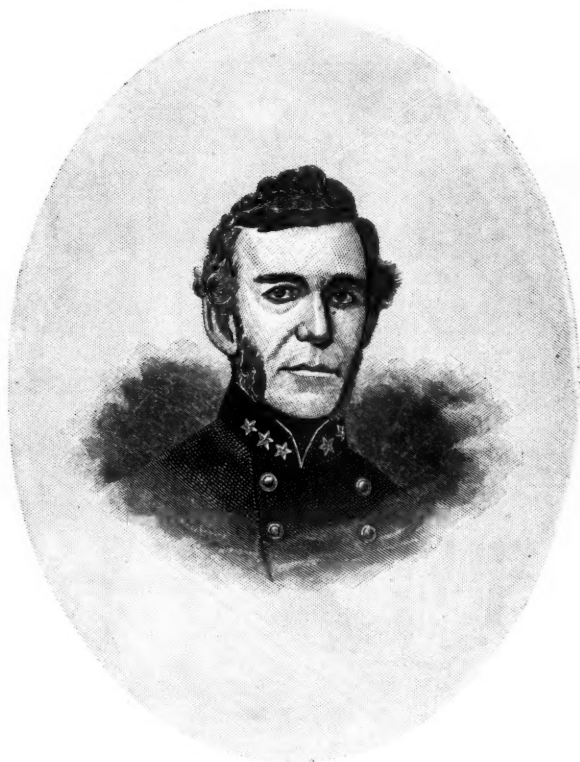
subject for congratulation or not I could not as yet say.

The boy was in love; in love as only a passionate, romantic, imaginative nature can be;

and even then only once in a lifetime. Heedless, headstrong, impulsive, and entirely his own master, he had given his very heart and soul into the keeping of a woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRAGG'S CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY, 1862.



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

GENERAL SMITH advancing, as I have said, through Big Creek and Rogers' gaps, pressed on as rapidly as the difficult nature of the rugged country he was traversing would permit, and on the 24th of August reached Barboursville, Kentucky. Thence he directed his march straight for Lexington. On the 29th his cavalry, under Colonel John Scott, encountered the Federal cavalry, under Colonel Metcalfe, on what is known as the Big Hill, fifteen miles from Richmond, and routed

it. On the next day, the 30th of August, General Smith attacked two brigades of Nelson's corps, which had been improvised for the defense of Central Kentucky out of regiments recently recruited, and, defeating, absolutely dissolved them. General Fry speaks of this combat in terms which seem more intended to palliate disaster than to justly represent its character. He says, "This affair was called the battle of Richmond. In his report of the engagement, Cruft, one of our brigade com-

manders, said it was an attack by fifteen thousand soldiers on six thousand, two hundred and fifty citizens." It is true that the Confederate soldiery engaged were veterans as compared with their opponents. Yet the latter, although but a brief time in the field, were thoroughly organized, had received some instruction, and were better armed and far better equipped and supplied than the troops who defeated them. Nor had General Smith even the half of fifteen thousand men actually in the fight. He had marched with great celerity. His troops, poorly shod, had suffered severely on the flinty mountain roads; they had subsisted for ten days almost entirely on green corn, and his column was necessarily so prolonged that he could employ only a fraction of his entire force in a conflict which he felt compelled to seek and hasten. He had entered the State with barely twelve thousand infantry and artillery. He was able to deliver battle at Richmond, on the 30th, with little more than six thousand men.

His victory, however, was complete. The Federal forces opposed to him were not only routed, but disintegrated, and marching to Lexington, he entered that city September 1st. He was in absolute strategic possession of all Central Kentucky upon the moment that he did so, nearly to Covington upon the north, and almost so far as Louisville on the west. Lexington was then the terminus of the Kentucky Central Railroad, and of the Louisville and Lexington; and although neither road was of much service to the Confederates, from the fact that the greater part of the rolling stock on each had been removed beyond reach before the capture of the place, they yet derived some benefit from the possession while entirely depriving the enemy of their use.

Within a day or two after his occupation of Lexington, General Smith dispatched Heth with five or six thousand men toward Covington, and that officer approached so closely that the most serious apprehensions were felt for the safety of Cincinnati. He could doubtless have taken that city if he had made the attempt immediately upon reaching its vicinity, but such a *coup* was not embraced in, it seems, but rather forbidden by his instructions. General Smith apparently expected daily notice from General Bragg that a junction of their respective forces was required for decisive battle with Buell, and preferred to hold every thing well in hand for a movement of so much importance.

On the 17th of September, the Federal General, George Morgan, evacuated Cumberland Gap, and pushed with all possible dispatch for the Ohio. This released Stevenson, who instantly followed with the whole force under his command. About the same time General Humphrey Marshall was entering Kentucky from Virginia, through Pound Gap, with about three thousand men, and he was directed, with the assistance of some six hundred cavalry under General John H. Morgan, to confront and detain George Morgan until Stevenson could overtake him and force him to battle in the mountains, surrounded by assailants.

Marshall, however, did not reach the scene of operations in time to take part in the programme, and Stevenson marched directly to Lexington instead of pursuing the enemy. John H. Morgan, with the cavalry detailed for that purpose, placed himself directly in front of the Federal column at West Liberty on the morning of the 25th of September, and was constantly engaged in skirmishing with it until the evening of October 1st. During that time it marched only thirty miles. October 1st John Morgan was ordered by General Smith to rejoin the army, and George Morgan continued his march unmolested to the Ohio.

General Bragg, as has been stated, concentrated at Glasgow on the 14th, and Buell was then just reaching Bowling Green. Bragg declined the challenge to battle which Buell immediately proffered, and maneuvered apparently to place himself more directly between his adversary and Louisville, in which purpose he perfectly succeeded.

Chalmers, having been sent with twelve or thirteen hundred men to take position upon the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Cave City, for some unexplained reason departed from his instructions and attacked Munfordsville, a formidable position naturally, and strongly fortified. He was repulsed after a sharp action. On the 17th the garrison, some four thousand strong, surrendered when Bragg arrived with his entire army. It would have been impossible for Buell to have continued his march to Louisville had General Bragg offered determined opposition. Even conceding him numerical superiority, the position Buell would have been compelled to assault if he had moved directly upon Munfordsville and attacked the Confederate army posted there, would have more than counterbalanced such advantage. He could not have forced that position; every assault would have been met with certain and

bloody repulse, and repulse under such circumstances meant disastrous defeat and ultimate ruin to an army situated as was Buell's. But it is positively certain that General Bragg had it in his power to have outnumbered Buell at that date at any point where collision was at all probable or possible, and he has been justly criticised for not having availed himself of the rare opportunity he then had of compelling a battle in which he could combine the advantages of odds and position.

Having left a garrison at Nashville at least eight thousand strong, Buell could not have mustered more than thirty-eight thousand men after penetrating into Kentucky. In this estimate no reduction of his strength is presumed because of the ordinary casualties of the march and campaign. As his troops were veterans thoroughly seasoned, and he had as yet done no fighting, such diminution of his numbers must have been very slight. I have never seen a field-return, or indeed any estimate of the troops General Bragg had at Munfordsville on the 17th fit for duty. But deducting the losses sustained by Chalmers in his engagement, stragglers and details, he must have had an efficient infantry force of nearly if not quite twenty-nine thousand men. But it must be remembered that before Bragg reached Munfordsville Kirby Smith had been for more than two weeks (seventeen days) at Lexington. Immediately upon his entrance into Kentucky, or indeed upon leaving Sparta, in Tennessee, for his objective point was then Glasgow, General Bragg could have dispatched Smith instructions to march from Lexington and effect a junction with him at Glasgow or Munfordsville. He knew, of course, the date when he would arrive at either point; and he had resolved—as perfectly as he could be said to have determined upon any programme in his then mental temper—both to attempt the capture of Bowling Green and to bar Buell's passage to Louisville.

Numerous excellent roads lead from Lexington to Glasgow, through a bounteous and well-watered region. The distance is only about one hundred and thirty miles by the most practicable and direct routes for troops. General Smith could have set out from Lexington on the 3d of September—the third day after he had entered the place—with his entire force rested and well in hand, and making marches not nearly so fatiguing as those which had carried him over the mountains of Kentucky, have gotten to Glasgow by the 13th, the same

day upon which Bragg arrived. Nothing could have prevented their junction, for Smith had already dispersed or destroyed every organized Federal force in Northern and Central Kentucky, and Buell was on the other side of Bragg. General Smith's loss was very small at Richmond. Deducting that loss, and such garrison as he might have deemed it necessary to leave at Lexington, and his cavalry, which it was necessary to actively employ in harassing George Morgan's retreat, in front of Covington and in the vicinity of Louisville, he could have taken more than ten thousand infantry to General Bragg's assistance. If this computation be correct, Bragg would have been able to have outnumbered Buell at any point where the collision might have occurred. Had Buell attempted to turn Munfordsville while the Confederate forces were massed there, he would only have exposed himself to still greater danger; for his column, prolonged and taken in flank, must have been destroyed. He knew this, and with the wise audacity born of true soldierly prudence, moved during the whole period of the emergency right upon his enemy's front.

I have already spoken of the vacillation and incertitude of purpose which General Bragg began to exhibit at this juncture, and which, increasing with every day, finally lost him all the fruits of his previously brilliant and successful strategy, and came near ruining his army. He displayed this infirmity of resolution signally at Munfordsville. He wrote to Richmond on the 17th of September, the day that he took Munfordsville, that his junction with Kirby Smith was assured, and that Buell could not escape them, nor successfully resist their combined forces. He instructed General Polk on the 19th to recall certain detachments and have his corps concentrated and ready for battle, which he said was imminent, as Buell was advancing to attack. Yet, on the same day, with no change in the condition of affairs which any one has ever been able to point out, or, perhaps, conceive, he ordered his trains to be moved immediately to Bardstown, and began marching the army to that place at daylight the next morning. Buell, finding his way to Louisville unexpectedly opened, pressed on rapidly and without even a menace from his apparently bewildered antagonist.

General Bragg has offered an excuse for this singular and fatal step, by which he surrendered a rare and almost unprecedented strategic advantage, which—it is doing him no

wrong to declare—is utterly fallacious and untenable. He thus explains his retirement from Munfordsville in his official report: "Reduced at the end of four days to three days' rations, and in a hostile country, utterly destitute of supplies, a serious engagement brought on any where in that direction could not fail (whatever its results) to materially cripple me. The loss of a battle would be eminently disastrous."

What General Bragg meant by saying he was in a "hostile country" must be left to conjecture. If he termed it hostile because it was not part of a seceded State, and had recently been in undisputed possession of the enemy, such facts afforded a flimsy pretext for his action, for he certainly knew all that perfectly well before he entered Kentucky, and, indeed, was largely induced to come by such considerations. If he meant that the sentiment of the people was hostile to the Confederates, he was mistaken. If he did not know that the sympathies of the population, in the midst of which he was then operating, was largely in his favor, he was strangely ignorant of an important fact, which, as a commander, he should have known, and which was certainly well known to every one save himself. Nor is his description of that country as being "destitute of supplies" more accurate. On the contrary, the general country which General Bragg then controlled, and to which his commissaries had free and easy access, abounded with supplies. Of course they were not collected in large quantities at points convenient for his use. That was his work—not the business of the people. But with the organization and effort which is necessary to provision large bodies of men, in a region suddenly occupied, there would have been little difficulty and no failure to keep the troops adequately rationed. I heard some complaint from infantry commissaries, during the time the army was in Kentucky, that the milling facilities were not what might have been expected in a State so fertile and populous, but no difficulty was suggested then which could be called or was deemed insuperable, or even serious to ordinary care and energy. Yet, even if the country immediately about Munfordsville was "destitute of supplies," General Bragg had the "Bluegrass region" and Kirby Smith to feed him; and that he could rely on succor from that quarter had already been proven, for on the 19th of September—the day on which he issued orders to retire to Bardstown—a supply train, forwarded by General Smith, had reached him. But this

explanation was evidently an afterthought. General Bragg knew, as well as any one, the difficulty of supplying an army on the march, and without depots of provisions, in any sort of country; and he must have taken it into consideration when he advanced with such celerity and to so great a distance. He manifestly meant to live upon the country, wherever he might happen to be, until he had gained a decisive victory, and had leisure to establish depots. It was clearly his intention, at one time, to supply his army by capturing Bowling Green and the stores collected there; and we are justified, by all the circumstances and General Bragg's own utterances, in believing that, however limited his commissariat may have been, he was induced, by doubts and fears of an altogether different nature, to abandon his matured purpose of fighting and beating Buell somewhere south of Louisville.

He unquestionably threw away his most favorable opportunity to strike a blow which would be decisive and sure to secure him permanent advantage, when he declined battle at Munfordsville. Nevertheless, three alternative policies were yet in his election, each of which promised very desirable results. He could have marched rapidly to Louisville, instructing General Smith to effect a junction with him there. The latter would have had less than eighty miles to march, and could have reached Louisville in advance of Bragg. The force then garrisoning the city could have made no effective resistance. The twenty-two thousand reinforcements which Buell subsequently got there—and they were raw levies—had not yet arrived, and the place was practically unfortified. It would have fallen, perhaps, without a struggle into the possession of the first Confederate column which arrived. General Bragg could have drawn rations upon a scale that might have contented even him, and could have hurled his own army and that of Kirby Smith upon Buell when he approached. This plan, successfully carried out, would have accomplished all that a victory at Munfordsville might have given, but it would not have been so certain or easy of execution. Again, General Bragg, after withdrawing from Buell's front, and after the latter had proceeded to Louisville, could have fallen back on Nashville and captured the garrison there very readily, before relief could have reached it, and probably without loss upon his part. General Smith, of course, would have then been compelled also to retire from the State; but he could have

done so at his leisure, and in perfect safety, taking away with him all the stores that he had captured or collected. While this programme would have involved the abandonment of Kentucky, it would have restored the whole of Tennessee to the Confederacy, giving new impetus to enlistments by the Tennesseans, and justly have been regarded as a satisfactory termination of the campaign. Or, in the third place, every effort having been directed to a prompt concentration of all the Confederate forces within his reach, and a resolute use of all available means employed, he might have encountered Buell, even after the latter had united the reinforcements collected at Louisville to his own army, with the probabilities of victory decidedly in his favor.

Perhaps no better expression of the possibilities of the situation can be given, and no juster criticism of the course pursued by General Bragg suggested, than by surmising what General Lee, Albert Johnston, or Stonewall Jackson would have done, had either of those commanders occupied his position at that time.

General Smith, having received no intimation from General Bragg that an immediate concentration of all the forces was necessary or desired, went to work with great energy after his arrival at Lexington to utilize all the resources of the fertile and abundant Bluegrass region, and to encourage enlistments.

In the latter effort he was not so successful as he had hoped to be; and yet, when it is remembered that the coming of the Confederates was entirely unexpected, and that they retreated from Kentucky before their presence had ceased to be matter of novelty and surprise, the fact that some three thousand cavalry were recruited, and perhaps as many infantry, during the brief occupation of the State, may be received as evidence that a longer stay and bolder attitude by the Southern leaders would have brought many thousands more into their ranks.

General Heth, after threatening Cincinnati and inspiring a consternation which induced the temporary detachment to that quarter of a portion of the reinforcements which were being hurried to Buell, fell back to Georgetown, twelve miles from Lexington. As it was important to observe closely and, if they were advancing, make an effort to retard the Federal forces which had pushed out from Cincinnati, upon Heth's withdrawal General Smith ordered me to proceed with that part of General Morgan's command not engaged

in the mountains to the vicinity of Covington. This force, about six hundred strong, was almost incessantly engaged for some days in skirmishing with the Federal column, which seemed during that period to be *en route* for Lexington. It soon discontinued its advance, however, and the shipment of troops from Cincinnati by boats, observed by our scouts watching the river, disclosed beyond all doubt the fact that the enemy was concentrating at Louisville. A demonstration against the infantry, seven or eight thousand strong, which had fallen back to Walton, twenty-five miles from Covington, although it resulted in the capture of some one hundred or more prisoners, convinced me that no further retreat was contemplated by this body or could be induced by any attack upon its front by the force under my command, even if I should hazard it. Near Augusta, however, a small town on the Ohio River some fifty miles (by water) above Cincinnati, was a ford passable for cavalry at the then low stage of the stream. If I could succeed in crossing the Ohio at this point a march of thirty miles, easily to be accomplished in a single night, would place my command in the suburbs of Cincinnati, and the dismay occasioned by its presence would have inevitably compelled the return of the troops posted at Walton. A considerable body of the "Home Guards" was collected at Augusta, and was in process of regimental organization for service in the Federal army. Numerous arrests of Southern sympathizers had been made by the officer in command of it, and he had completely terrified the people of the vicinity out of all thought of giving "aid and comfort" to the Confederacy. With a view of dispersing this body and then crossing the river for the demonstration on Cincinnati, I proceeded to Augusta with some four hundred men. I found when I reached the hills overlooking the little town that two "river gun-boats"—so a couple of small, stern-wheel steamers with a twelve-pound howitzer mounted on each, and their sides protected with hay bales were styled for lack of more fitting designation—lay at the wharf in such position that their guns could rake the streets by which the town must be entered. They were manned, in addition to the regular crew, with perhaps one hundred infantry from the forces stationed at Cincinnati. I was provided with two small guns, and, opening fire on these boats, soon drove them away. I then anticipated no trouble with the "Home Guards," and believed

they would surrender without a fight. Raw troops and citizen soldiery are, however, exceedingly unreliable either in one way or another. These people made a very desperate resistance. They ensconced themselves in the houses and maintained a constant and destructive fire from the windows. In some cases I was compelled to breach the walls of the houses with the small pieces of artillery which I have mentioned. Although the combat lasted not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, my casualties were about twenty per cent of the men engaged, and the number of killed was greater than that of wounded. The town caught fire in several places during the conflict, and the flames raged fiercely; women rushed out upon the streets seeking to aid the wounded and dying. The hand-to-hand fighting in the houses, when entrance into them was forced, was the fiercest and hottest I ever saw. I witnessed in some of them the floors piled with corpses and blood trickling down the stairways.

I have treated this affair at greater length than its importance deserves; but I may be pardoned for the reason that it was rather unusual in its character, and was the only armed collision which occurred during the campaign on the banks of the Ohio.

About the same time, Colonel John Scott was very actively and efficiently engaged in the same sort of service between Frankfort and Louisville; and the freshly recruited cavalry regiments were initiated into active campaign work as soon as they were organized.

Buell reached Louisville on the 26th of September, and found himself immediately involved in one of those complications with his own government which beset and harassed his entire military career. Kentucky had previously been taken from the territory under his command and made into a separate military department, under the name of the Department of the Ohio. General H. G. Wright had been assigned to its command, and Buell found that officer, upon his arrival at Louisville, in immediate command of the troops assembled there, and in departmental control. He was Wright's senior, but in Wright's territory. The question of precedence was referred to Halleck, who instructed Buell on the 27th to exercise command by virtue of his rank, and yet on the 29th his reorganization of the combined armies and active preparation for immediate offensive operations were suspended by an order relieving him from duty, and

directing him to turn over the command to General George H. Thomas, who, however, earnestly protested against the change, and on the next day Buell was reinstated.

After General Bragg had moved from Munfordsville to Bardstown, the entire Confederate strategic line, including the disposition of the forces under General Smith, may be described as extending from Bardstown on the left flank, via Lexington, to Mt. Sterling on the extreme right. It was one admirably adapted for defense. However threatened, the troops could be marched to the point menaced by interior and excellent roads, and favorable ground for battle was available wherever attack was probable.

The base at Bryantsville was secure, and an exceedingly strong natural position. The aggregate strength of the Confederate armies was little, if any, less than sixty-one thousand men. It is to some extent a matter of conjecture, but I assume that the infantry of General Bragg's army was twenty-nine thousand strong; that of General Smith's army, including Marshall and Stevenson, who reached Lexington on the 17th of September, twenty-three thousand, and, in addition, three thousand recruits from Kentucky, who enlisted in the various regiments to which they could most readily obtain access. According to this estimate the effective infantry strength of the combined armies aggregated fifty-five thousand. The cavalry, including the regiments of recent organization, numbered about six thousand. The grand total, therefore, could not have been much short of the number at which I have placed it, with a correspondent provision of artillery—about one hundred and twenty pieces.

Buell moved out of Louisville October 2d with fifty-eight thousand effective men, of which twenty-two thousand were raw troops. Directing the divisions of Sills and Dumont upon Frankfort, he pushed the main body of his army toward Bardstown. The demonstration upon Frankfort perfectly accomplished its purpose, and induced General Bragg to believe that it was the real attack.

Among other consequences of this feint was the untimely disturbance of the inauguration ceremonies in honor of the provisional Governor of Kentucky, which were in progress at Frankfort when Dumont began to shell the town, but were completed *en route*.

Under the impression that Buell was about to throw his entire army upon Smith, Bragg

ordered Polk to march with the Army of the Mississippi from Bardstown via Bloomfield toward Frankfort, in order that he might strike the enemy in rear, while Kirby Smith should assail him in front. This misconception of the true state of affairs is almost inconceivable; but is not so remarkable as the strange contrast exhibited by the nerve and purpose of this plan and the timidity and vacillation of his conduct immediately afterward.

On the 4th he sent Polk orders from Frankfort, "Concentrate your force in front of Harrodsburg," and, telling him that Smith's army was collected at Frankfort, declared that it was his intention to fight so soon as he could concentrate all the forces.

He remained apparently under the impression that Buell was advancing to attack Smith until the 7th, and on that date issued a battle order at Harrodsburg, which evidently contemplated a general engagement somewhere between Lawrenceburg and Frankfort. But on the evening of the 7th, Gilbert, in command of Buell's center, came in contact with Hardee near Perryville, and compelled him to prepare for action. Hardee called for reinforcements, and Cheatham's division was sent him, while the remainder of Polk's corps continued its march toward Versailles with the view of joining the forces under General Smith for the battle Bragg expected near that place or Lawrenceburg.

It thus happened that General Bragg, completely misled by the mere demonstration upon Frankfort, kept more than two thirds of the entire force under his control, idly maneuvering in a quarter where nothing could possibly be accomplished, and permitted less than twenty thousand men to become engaged upon a field where more than forty-five thousand could have been hurled upon them. Buell's whole army, with the exception of the divisions of Sills and Dumont, together ten or twelve thousand strong, was concentrated at Perryville on the 8th, and but for the unaccountable circumstance that McCook had been fighting several hours before Buell was informed that a battle was in progress, the Confederate line must have been overwhelmed by an attack in force. If such had been the result at Perryville on the 8th, and Buell had then gotten between the scattered remnants of the troops which opposed him there, as he would almost surely have done, he would have been master of the situation, and nothing but disaster could have befallen the Confederates.

For on the 9th Sills and Dumont were marching to rejoin the main body, and in another day Buell could have had his entire fifty-eight thousand—minus the loss sustained in the battle—well in hand.

It is extremely hard to understand why General Bragg—even if temporarily deceived into the belief that Buell was really advancing in force through the rugged and difficult country about Frankfort and Lawrenceburg—could have continued under that singular delusion, after he learned that there was certainly a strong Federal column at Perryville. Common sense, although unaided by military study and experience, ought to have suggested that a prudent and skillful commander, as he knew Buell to be, would, when venturing to divide his forces at such a crisis, employ only detachments in a country unfitted for the prompt and convenient deployment of large bodies of troops, and avail himself of any opportunity to move upon his enemy's flank when he could do so without exposing his own. It is even more remarkable that, willing, indeed desirous, as Bragg seemed, to fight a foe which he believed to be concentrated when he was pressing for battle in the vicinity of Frankfort, he should have been reluctant to fight when he had reason to deem that he should encounter an enemy partially weakened by detachments. When he learned that Buell was at Perryville, he could, with his cavalry alone, have easily prevented Sills and Dumont from debouching from the Benson and Chaplin hills, and by noon of the 8th have massed the infantry of his own army and General Smith's in front of his adversary.

The Confederate loss at Perryville was 3,396; that of the Federals, 4,154.

On the morning of the 9th Bragg withdrew to Harrodsburg, and on the 10th all the Confederate forces were in position there, and, for the first time during the campaign, tactically concentrated. The line of battle was formed south of the little town; and every thing in the attitude of the army—every circumstance by which the soldier not admitted to the councils of war or confidence of his commander could formulate an opinion of what was about to be done—indicated that battle was imminent. On the night of the 11th Buell approached, and his long line was deployed, taking position, as all thought, for combat on the morrow.

The full strength of both armies was present. I have estimated General Bragg's total

effective, it will be remembered, as some three thousand greater than Buell's previously to Perryville, and his loss in that battle had been less than Buell's. Buell had twenty-two thousand raw troops in his ranks; Bragg not more than six thousand of such material. The freshly-enlisted men with Buell were organized into separate and distinct regiments and brigades. Those with Bragg were distributed, for the most part, in veteran regiments and companies. It is well known to every experienced soldier that an intelligent and spirited recruit, if placed in the midst of veterans, will march and fight as well, to all intents, as if trained and instructed; while large bodies of raw men are inefficient. Had battle been joined at Harrodsburg, it would have been the only great field of the war—east or west—on which the Confederate forces were numerically the stronger; and every other conceivable condition was in their favor. Never was the *morale* of an army better than that of General Bragg's on the eve of that anticipated conflict. The men seemed to realize what was at stake, and to fear nothing but retreat, which should carry back war and invasion to their homes and people. They were as eager for combat as on the first day of Shiloh, and their ardor here was supplemented by the stern resolution of veteran soldiery. If there be any thing in the *mathesis* of war—if the rules by which its chances are calculated may ever be safely followed—General Bragg ought to have fought then and there, and must have won. But the gloomy and hostile destiny which seemed to pursue the Confederacy, and become manifest whenever victory was about to visit her banners, interfered. It had stricken the valiant chieftain who led us at Shiloh with death; it smote our commander at Harrodsburg with a consternation which no man in his ardent and undaunted ranks shared then or can understand now.

No one knows, of course, whether or not General Bragg formed at Harrodsburg with the purpose of accepting a decisive engagement. I believe, however, that he did. As I have said, there was every evidence of such an intention upon his part. I remember distinctly a conversation I had with some of General Smith's staff-officers at a late hour on the night before the fatal retreat. They were fully impressed with the belief that we would fight the next day, and quite as strongly with the conviction that we would win a great victory. I knew, of course, that their impression was

derived from General Smith, and, assuming that he certainly was in General Bragg's confidence, I felt not the least doubt that within the next twenty-four hours the mighty game would be decided. Such was the universal opinion in our ranks.

The two hosts lay during that night scarcely three miles apart, each in a great crescent shape, the wings bending toward each other as if feeling through the gloom for the point of first collision, or watching against attack.

Upon our extreme left, where Morgan's cavalry was stationed, a complete view of all that the night permitted to be seen could be had. It was a dark, cloudy night, a drizzling rain descending. Long, glaring lines of camp-fires clustered irregularly and, streaking the black air with a red glow like that of hot iron, marked the positions of the contending armies. The flames, tossed by the night breezes, winked through the rain and darkness like Cyclopean eyes. To the imagination these armies seemed distinctive, sentient individualities, huge monsters of wrath and ferocity, eager to spring so soon as they could see. But when the dawn came, which should have witnessed the Confederate array bearing down in determined and resistless onset, it was seen, instead, sullenly retiring across Dick's River. Buell, with the audacity and alacrity of movement which characterized him during the entire campaign, and which his own people have failed utterly to appreciate, instantly pushed on to Danville, apparently resolved to force Bragg to battle in any event. Then at length, entirely discarding all doubts and consulting only his apprehensions, the Confederate commander began rapid and undisguised retreat, directing his march for Cumberland Gap. This decision elicited remonstrance from some of his officers and bitter murmurs from his troops, but in this he could not be made to waver.

Upon his way out of Kentucky, General Bragg met Breckinridge and the Kentuckians under his command entering the State.

The Army of Tennessee, after a weary and harassing march, reached Murfreesboro; but the army from whose front it had retired in Kentucky was already at Nashville, and more formidable in numbers, discipline, and spirit than before.

For more than two years after this disappointment of its best hope and opportunity, that gallant Army of Tennessee struggled bravely against the constant tide of adversity. But opportunities of such magnitude and prom-

ise, once lost, never return. A victory in Kentucky would have destroyed the only Federal army in the West in which any reliance could be placed at that time, or which, indeed, then existed. It would have placed our armies impregnably on the Ohio with Kentucky firmly in their grasp; it would have cleared the South of invaders and brought a vast host of recruits into the Confederate ranks. The victories won

in Virginia would have become fruitful of results with their moral effect strengthened by triumphs in the West; and the stubborn North, however reluctantly, must have consented to consider thoughts of compromise and peace. Unquestionably there were such possibilities in battle and victory; but with Bragg's retreat the pall fell on the fortunes of the Confederacy.

B. W. Duke.

GEORGE MASON.

IN a former article we endeavored to trace the life and public services of George Mason, by an imperfect outline running through their salient points down to the close of the sittings of the Federal convention. Resuming the thread where we then broke it off, our present purpose is to sketch in like manner the part he bore in the Virginia campaign and her ratifying convention. Finally, we will complete the sketch we have attempted by presenting samples of the correspondence of Colonel Mason and of the public documents written by him, for the judgment of our readers.

In the attitude which he maintained in the Federal convention toward all propositions which seemed to threaten the integrity of any of the rights which were in his views essential to the existence of the States upon an equal footing in the Union; in the final speech which he delivered upon that floor against the instrument as it then stood, declining his signature on the part of his State; in the campaign against its adoption before the people of Virginia, and in the final contest on the floor of the ratifying convention, Colonel Mason preserved a dignified and patriotic consistency worthy of his commanding talents and great reputation.

Returning to Gunston he lost no time in placing himself in communication with Patrick Henry, who was in complete and cordial sympathy and accord with his views. He with Henry directed the campaign against the constitution, seconded by such men as Governor Randolph, William Grayson, Richard Henry Lee, and many others scarcely less able nor less distinguished.

Retired within the shades of Mount Vernon, which is but five miles distant from Gunston, sate the imperious and mighty chieftain, the

master spirit of that age, warily observing the going and coming of the great champions who gathered to the council board at the mansion of his powerful neighbor. The battle for the constitution and the Union, no less than the battle for independence, was fought and won by George Washington. As he had been "first in war," he was already "first in peace," and ever "first in the hearts of his countrymen." If the constitution should be adopted and the Union established, he only could fill the first position in the new Government as he himself well knew. He came naturally at all times to the head of affairs. Naturally, instinctively, all thoughts centered in him as the chief of the constitutional party in Virginia. Young, brilliant, and more than any one man influential in shaping and defending the constitution at every stage of its passage through the convention, Mr. Madison inevitably came to be the chief coadjutor and executive lieutenant of Washington. They were ably seconded by many great and patriotic Virginians, and received also the cordial countenance and support of many of the greatest men outside of Virginia. Washington and the constitutional party believed and asserted that if the constitution were now defeated it would be all over with the Republic. They pictured the States divided, imbecile, weak, belligerent, incapable of internal development or mutual defense, until at length some military chieftain arose to establish a despotism upon their ruins, or they passed once more under a foreign yoke. On the contrary, Mason and his coadjutors believed, and sought to cause it to be believed by the people, that if this constitution now failed of adoption, a new convention would be called who would frame a constitution more in accord with popular sentiment and providing for

a government of more strictly defined and limited powers upon a basis more equitable and more enduring.

It is not possible to cast a doubt upon the patriotism or sincerity of either party.

Thus, then, the issue was joined. On every side it was conceded that Virginia was to be the battle-ground upon which the fate of the Constitution was to be decided. If Virginia failed to ratify, the Union as projected was lost; if she ratified, the Union was safe.

Before the people it fared ill with the Constitution. The powerful and inexorable logic of Mason and Grayson, the thunderous eloquence of Henry, shook even the great soul of Washington. When he heard the greatest orator of all the ages proclaiming from the hustings in tones that shook the continent, "As for this constitution as it now stands, I utterly despise and abhor it!" even his mighty heart seems to have quailed and sunk within him. He wrote to Madison then, that if now the people should take it into their heads to instruct the delegates to the convention, all would be over with the Constitution. Scarcely second to Henry in the terrific vigor of his scathing eloquence was Edmund Randolph. Not long after, these two were fated to come into collision in tremendous combat.

On the other side was the almost omnipotent influence of General Washington, whom many believed to be an instrument in the hands of God working some great purpose, whom it would be useless and and wrong and dangerous to oppose. Others believed that, human and fallible, he was nevertheless the greatest, and by far the greatest, of all the great men of the day, one whom they were willing to follow and upon whom they could at all times safely depend. Mr. Madison, too, was growing into a great reputation for ability, integrity, and sound judgment of public affairs. Other men of much public weight were of the Constitutional party, such as Nicholas, Pendleton, Marshall, Monroe, and others. It can not, however, be questioned that, Washington aside, the weight of matured talents and experience and public reputation was on the side of the anti-Constitutional party.

The particulars of the discussions before the people are lost, but the correspondence of Washington, who directed every thing from his retirement at Mt. Vernon, so carefully preserved by him and so faithfully recorded by Sparks, lets in the light here and there upon the progress of the campaign. In one

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of his letters about this time, written to Mr. Madison, he, with ill-disguised satisfaction, relates that his "neighbor, old Colonel Mason, is down in bed with a fit of the gout." He does not express, yet does not successfully conceal that his satisfaction would be increased if the "old Colonel" should never get up. Get up he did, however, not long afterward. The elections came on, and the general opinion was that a majority of those returned were opposed to ratification. It does not appear to have been doubtful that the popular majority was heavily against it.

Colonel Mason was, of course, one of those returned along with Grayson and Henry, as was also Edmund Randolph, thus far acting with the anti-Constitutionalists. Colonel Mason was the acknowledged head of his party. Mr. Madison led the other side, as a sort of second person for General Washington, who was the real head to the party of the Constitution not only in Virginia but in all America.

The convention met, and in that memorable body many notable men took their seats. For the Constitution, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, George Nicholas, and John Marshall took the lead in debate. General Henry Lee was also frequently up on that side, but the debate was clearly beyond his depth. The most notable and powerful of all their speakers was Governor Randolph, who deserted his colors before the action came on, and went over to the hostile camp. Mason, Henry, and Grayson led the opposition. At an early sitting Randolph delivered a powerful speech in favor of the Union as he said, declaring the main question to be Union or no Union. Mr. Henry rose to reply, and launched at the Governor what is traditionally reported to have been a deluge of stormy invective, but what "Elliot's Debates" smooths down into a very moderate speech. If that be the true speech of Mr. Henry, then the savage rejoinder of Randolph remains inexplicable as a mere causeless outbreak. He gnashed his teeth with rage in denouncing what he styled the causeless, unfounded, and acrimonious attack of the great orator. He vociferated from his place, glaring at Mr. Henry, that if made necessary he would presently make disclosures which would cause the hair of gentlemen to stand on end. Mr. Henry promptly demanded that if any thing was known to his disadvantage or dishonor it be then and there communicated to the convention; to which, according to Elliot's

Debates, no rejoinder appears to have been made, and the scene ended.

The fact is that this scene has not come into history as it transpired, and it is evident that traditional accounts are much nearer the truth than an obviously suppressed and mutilated record. This is an old trick of history where great personages and great events being concerned the record is altered, suppressed, or toned down just where truth the most severely exact would be of most value as a lesson to posterity.

Subsequently Colonel Mason took up the question of the defection of Mr. Randolph in a manner dignified, grave, and calm. He declared that it was a matter of his own knowledge that Mr. Randolph had until a recent date been as much opposed to the Constitution as he himself was, and upon very much the same grounds. He referred to the Governor's refusal to sign for Virginia in the Federal convention, and to his published letter of objections to the Constitution addressed to the people of Virginia, and then declared that nothing had happened, at least nothing which had publicly transpired, to account for so radical a conversion to the extreme of opposite opinions. "What," he asked, "has happened to cause this great conversion, so sudden and so remarkable?"

Randolph rose and again defended himself against charges of inconsistency with stormy vehemence; but it was evident then and afterward that the iron of Henry's invective was still crucifying his soul. He repeated that, as he then saw the case, it was simply now a question of Union or no Union and he again declared himself for Union.

The fact was that the belief entertained by Mason and Henry and their party on the floor, as well as by the "people out of doors," referred to by Randolph, was that he had betrayed his party, sold out his constituents and abandoned his principles in the authorized expectation of entering General Washington's cabinet if the Constitution should be adopted. It is clear enough that something more than mere inconsistency was charged, or the savage and frantic rejoinders of Randolph appear without cause or justification of any kind. The mere charge of inconsistency could not draw from a man of sense the frantic disclaimer of which he delivered himself at the close of the proceedings when rising to a question of personal privilege. He passionately called upon his God to judge of the rectitude of his intentions, and forestalled the criticism of any historian

who should attribute any thing unworthy to him as being the mere creature of party malice.

Governor Randolph, it must be remembered, was not a mere vehement, brainless blather-skite, but a man of vast abilities, of the most polished and cultivated talents, and, next to Henry, the most eloquent man of those times. Alas, for the sequel! He entered Washington's cabinet to be thrust out thence with the stigma of disgrace by that imperious and all-powerful personage, whose kingly will was fate to all such as took issue with him or excited his wrath or suspicion. However ambition may have betrayed him into devious paths, this much is certain, that he was no mean rival, and was the only rival of Patrick Henry, the greatest orator of all the ages in the brilliancy and power of his oratory and eloquence. Even after his dismissal from Washington's cabinet he came before the people of Virginia in the desperate situation in which he then was with a defense of masterly power, which no man can listen to without being shaken by its force.

Why turn back to ancient classic romance in search of heroes and statesmen and orators of vast renown, when we have them so near at hand—greater in reality than those of old, even as they appear in the gigantic mirages of romance which glimmer through the dim and shadowy clouds of antiquity!

Nothing which ought to be called the history of those times, or those men, has yet been written. If Governor Randolph abandoned his principles for the sake of office, it was a hideous blot upon his soul which deprives him of the right to a patriot's glorious name.

But what shall be written of those who held out to him the bait? This writer has stood by the desolate grave which entombs the ashes of Edmund Randolph, and seen the swine graze at will about the unguarded spot, while he felt earth shake with the booming cannon which announced the fulfillment of the prophecies of Mason and Henry in the advent of a civil war in maintenance of the authority of a centralized irresponsible despotism, upon the foundations of which the dust in the grave beneath his feet was one of the most effective master-builders. Let the history of those times be written impartially by the hand of one capable of it in the light of the stupendous developments which now belong to the past, and the most interesting chapter in the annals of mankind will be added to the history of the world.

The defection of Randolph was a fatal blow to the party of Mason and Henry. They,

with Grayson, fought out the great battle to the bitter end, conscious that they were maintaining a losing fight. When the Constitution came up on the final motion to ratify, Colonel Mason moved a substitute providing for a new convention and previous amendments, and refusing to ratify until it was so done. This substitute failed by a majority of only eight votes against it, and the main question coming up Virginia ratified by the slender majority of ten votes. The convention adjourned *sine die*, and Colonel Mason returned to the shades of private life. The government he had opposed being now adopted by his State, he owed to it the obedience of a citizen, and from that day and hour his opposition to it ceased.

Those who look through the miserably meager reports of the grand debates of the Federal convention and of the Virginia ratifying convention, now extant, will discover that one of the foremost debaters, in both bodies, was George Mason; nor was any one of the great orators and lawyers and statesmen of the day his superior in the profound mastery he possessed of every important question concerning the great business with which those famous bodies grappled. Every speech he made, long or short, was characterized by condensed vigor of thought, and lucid expression and robust intellectual strength. In speaking and in writing no statesman of modern times has surpassed him in terse and luminous vigor of expression. His matter was always weighty, and his manner grave and dignified; his diction fluent, sonorous, elegant, and as often as he spoke he commanded the attention of both sides. He also possessed, in a high degree, the power of ready repartee, an irritating humor formidable to his adversaries, and upon occasion a very terrible power of sarcasm. He never lost his head, nor became angry or unduly excited in debate. It was an accustomed saying of his, that he who in discussion loses his temper has already lost his case.

As an example of his usual manner of dealing with personalities in debate, one of his replies to General Henry Lee in the Virginia convention is to the purpose. Lee, who seemed frequently to suffer his ardent temper to get the better of his judgment, had characterized a speech of Mason's as "a trivial argument not worthy of discussion," and complained that such modes of argument ought not to be adopted before a dignified body like that convention. In the course of some remarks of an explanatory nature Colonel Mason, as if he happened

to remember what General Lee had said a few moments before, answered him coolly and pleasantly, "In reply," said he, "to the gentleman in the military line, I beg to say that I must be permitted to argue questions in the manner to which I am accustomed, and while I would be very glad, indeed, to please that gentleman, my duty will not admit of my giving way to his wishes."

Not only was the Federal Constitution so nearly defeated under the influence of the doctrine of States-rights, so powerfully defended and so ably elaborated by Colonel Mason, but the popularity of that doctrine was further evidenced in the election of Colonel Mason and William Grayson as the first Senators of the United States from Virginia. Mason declined, and Grayson died after a brief service. In later years this great doctrine, rehabilitated and revived under Mr. Jefferson, once more asserted itself and swept the country in triumph. In process of time the national idea again made head under the disguise of free-soilism, and Mr. Lincoln, as the chief of that party, became President. The civil war predicted by Mason and Henry, and scoffed at as the nightmare of their fears by their opponents, has been fought. Its wide-wasting destructions have been followed by a "reconstruction" more disastrous than war. The net result is that slavery has been eliminated, the slaves enfranchised, and the government is left as it was in all essential features. Again, with the advent of Grover Cleveland, we are promised a restoration to Jeffersonian principles, and the country seems ready for it. Ready, that is to say, for a return to constitutional government. A good time has arrived for reviving the memory and studying anew the life and work of George Mason, and in the light of experience restudying the history of the origin, and re-examining into the true intent and meaning of the Constitution of the United States.

We shall find, undoubtedly, that many of the profound prophecies of this able and patriotic statesman stand recorded in the fulfillments of history. The principles of which George Mason was the ablest original expounder and defender are inevitably certain to reassert themselves continually until, in the end, they finally prevail wherever popular government succeeds. Contrary to our purpose we must now reserve for a future article extracts from the productions of Colonel Mason's pen, which are yet extant.

M. G. Ellzey, M. D.

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.



MAJOR-GENERAL E. C. WALTHALL.

CHAPTER X.

GENERAL THOMAS pursued Hood's retreating army from Hollow-tree Gap to Spring Hill with great vigor. Wilson continued the pursuit from Franklin to Rutherford's Creek with unceasing energy and intense ardor. Hatch's and Knipe's divisions moved in parallel columns along the Carter's Creek and the Columbia pikes; Johnson's division down the Carter's Creek pike, and Croxton on the Lewisburg pike. These cavalry divisions, moving on all of the roads leading south from Franklin, harassed the flanks and rear of Hood's army with continuing charges and constant combats.

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Knipe and Hatch attacked the rear with impetuosity, and increased the demoralization. Johnson, on the Carter's Creek pike, turned Hood's flank, and with great energy pressed on and in the direction of Spring Hill to strike the retreating troops at that point. Croxton's, on the Lewisburg pike, turned the flank of the rearguard, when Knipe and Hatch moved their divisions to the attack, and in the conflict that ensued three guns of Douglas's battery, of Lee's corps, were captured, and the rearguard was driven to Spring Hill. Reynolds' brigade of Walthall's division, which was in good condition and of unquestioned reliability, was moved from Spring Hill on the Carter's

Creek pike in the direction of Franklin, and put in position to check the threatened advance of Johnson. Wilson's pursuit was retarded on the 18th at Rutherford's Creek.

Cheatham, with the remnant of his corps, had destroyed the bridges across Rutherford's Creek, and was in position on its south bank, commanding its crossings. Rutherford's Creek was rising rapidly, thus rendering it impossible to ford it in any direction. General Wood, commanding the Fourth corps, led the advance of the infantry, and on the 18th was closed up with the cavalry at Rutherford's Creek. Generals Smith and Schofield, with their respective corps in the order named, were at and about Franklin. The trains moved with their respective commands, carrying ten days' supplies and one hundred rounds of ammunition. On the 19th, General Smith, commanding the Sixteenth corps, was moved to Spring Hill, and General Schofield, commanding the Twenty-third corps, remained at Franklin.

General Hatch, on the 19th, made repeated efforts to cross Rutherford's Creek, and late in the afternoon succeeded in lodging a few skirmishers on its south bank. On the 20th General Hatch constructed a floating bridge from the debris of the railroad bridge, crossed his entire division, and moved rapidly to Columbia, but found, on reaching Duck River, that Hood had crossed it, and had removed his pontoon bridge. Duck River was swollen and impassable without a bridge. General Wood improvised a foot-bridge over Rutherford's Creek at the railroad bridge, and by nightfall had successfully crossed his corps. General Thomas's pontoon train reached Rutherford's Creek about noon of the 21st instant, and during the afternoon was thrown across it, and General Smith marched his corps over it.

General Hood indulged himself in the belief that he could maintain his defensive line south of Duck River. The deplorable condition of his army, as it bivouacked about Columbia, was so apparent that he abandoned all thought of a defensive line south of Duck River. His army was wrecked, and the great and distressing question which confronted him was, could he protect his rear and escape across the Tennessee River into Alabama and Mississippi?

General Hood convinced himself that the successful retreat of his army south of the Tennessee River rested solely on the reliability of the troops constituting the rearguard, and with humiliation and distrust in the probable

result, he turned the head of his broken army on the Pulaski pike, and his line of retreat was by that route to Bainbridge, on the Tennessee River.

On the morning of the 20th of December, 1864, General Hood sent a member of his staff to General Walthall, who had established his headquarters at the residence of Nimrod Porter, near Columbia, with the request that he should call at army headquarters immediately. General Walthall at once rode to headquarters and the writer accompanied him. On the pike, as Walthall approached army headquarters, he met General Hood on his horse in company with Dr. Darby, who was the medical director of the army. Hood said to Walthall substantially as follows: "Things are in a bad condition. I have resolved to reorganize a rearguard. Forrest says he can't keep the enemy off of us any longer without a strong infantry support, but says he can do it with the help of three thousand infantry with you to command them. You can select any troops in the army. It is a post of great honor, but one of such great peril that I will not impose it on you unless you are willing to take it, and you had better take troops that can be relied upon, for you may have to cut your way out to get to me after the main army gets out. The army must be saved, come what may, and, if necessary, your command must be sacrificed to accomplish it." Walthall, in reply, said: "General, I have never asked for a hard place for glory, nor a soft place for comfort, but take my chances as they come. Give me the order for the troops, and I will do my best. Being the youngest major-general in the army, I believe, my seniors may complain that the place was not offered to them, but that is a matter between you and them;" and Hood said, "Forrest wants you, and I want you." General Forrest rode up during the conversation, and said, "Now we will keep them back." And Hood gave verbal orders for Walthall to take any troops he wanted.

General Walthall selected eight brigades, estimated at three thousand effectives, as follows:

Brigadier-General W. S. Featherstone's; Colonel J. B. Palmer's brigade; Strahl's, commanded by Colonel E. W. Heiskill; Smith's, commanded by Colonel C. Olmstead; Maney's, commanded by Colonel H. R. Field; Brigadier-General D. H. Reynolds'; Ector's, commanded by Colonel D. Coleman, and Quarles', commanded by Brigadier-General George D. John-

ston. These brigades reported to Walthall, who had them inspected, and a report of effectives made. The eight brigades numbered one thousand, six hundred and one effectives. General Walthall issued the following general order:

GENERAL ORDER No. 1.

HEADQUARTERS INFANTRY FORCES IN)
REAR OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE,)
COLUMBIA, TENN, December 20, 1864.)

The brigades of this command will be temporarily united as follows: Featherstone and Quarles, under command of Brigadier-General Featherstone; Ector and Reynolds, under command of Brigadier-General Reynolds; Strahl and Maney, under the command of Colonel Field; Smith and Palmer under the command of Colonel Palmer.

This command will stand in line in the following order: Featherstone on the right, then Field, Palmer, and Reynolds in the order they are named.

By command of Major-General Walthall.

D. W. SANDERS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The field return of this command was as follows:

Featherstone (effectives).....	498
Reynolds (effectives).....	528
Palmer (effectives).....	297
Field (effectives).....	298
Total.....	1,601

The organization of this rearguard is given in detail because of two reasons. General Hood, in his report and also in his book, incorrectly reports the names of the brigades that composed this command, and a correct statement has never heretofore been given. General Hood omits Featherstone, Reynolds, Olmstead and Johnston, and incorrectly states that Granberry's brigade was a part of the rearguard, and General Forrest in his official report mentions Granberry's brigade as part of the infantry rearguard in the engagement of December 26th, when he should have said Ector's and Reynold's, instead of "Ector's and Granberry's brigades."

The rearguard that covered Hood's retreat from Columbia to Bainbridge, on the Tennessee River, was composed of Jackson's, Buford's, and Chalmer's divisions of cavalry, and the eight brigades of infantry temporarily organized into four divisions under Major-General E. C. Walthall, and the whole force under the command of Major-General N. B. Forrest.

The composition of this rearguard, its subordinate commanders, and its strength has been the subject of much misstatement; and the heroic gallantry which it displayed in covering

Hood's retreat, and the admiration which its splendid soldierly qualities elicited from General Thomas has so often been applied to other commands that the truth of history demands its correction.

General Thomas, in his official report, dated Eastport, Mississippi, January 20, 1865, says this of Hood's rearguard:

"He had formed a powerful rearguard, made up of detachments from all his organized forces, numbering about four thousand (4,000) infantry, under General Walthall, and all his available cavalry under Forrest. With the exception of this rearguard, his army had become a disheartened and disorganized rabble of half armed and barefooted men, who sought every opportunity to fall out by the wayside and desert their cause to put an end to their sufferings. The rearguard, however, was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last."

The foregoing extract is the official utterance of General Thomas, one of the most imposing characters in the military annals of his country, and the language which he employs carries a distinctness of statement and an absolute certainty of commanders and their commands and events.

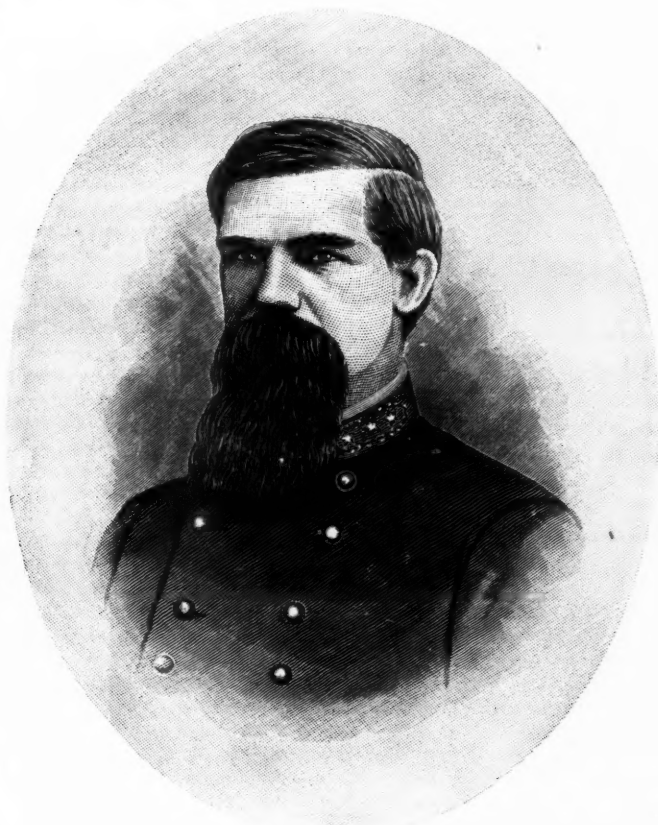
With General Walthall in command of the infantry rearguard at Columbia, General Hood continued his retreat as rapidly as the broken and shattered condition of his army would permit, and crossed the Tennessee River December 25, 1864, at Bainbridge.

Walthall was the youngest division commander in that army, and when he drew his sword in command over the rearguard to cover its retreat, there was not a soldier in it, from the commanding general down, who did not believe that he would do it or perish in the effort, on the front line, in the actual command of his men. His military career illustrated the brightest pages of the history of the Army of the Tennessee; his name, fame, and deeds were imperishably united with its victories and defeats: and, with its bravest dismayed at the extent of the great calamity which had befallen it, and its annihilation impending, he, in his person, recalled the valor that in former days animated the soldiers of that army when it achieved its greatest triumphs.

On the 20th of December General Walthall moved his headquarters from Nimrod Porter's to the residence of Mr. Orr, in Columbia, and the infantry rearguard was encamped near the Pulaski pike, south of Columbia.

The rain set in on the night of the 16th of December and continued to the 18th, and on the 19th it became intensely cold and so continued for several days thereafter. The sufferings of the troops were terrible; without protection from the severity of the weather,

without blankets, and many without shoes, and nearly all indifferently shod, the horrors of the retreat were to be seen as the bare and frost-bitten feet of the soldiers, swollen, bruised, and bloody, toiled painfully on the march over the frozen pike.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. H. REYNOLDS.

General Thomas was aware of the desperate condition of Hood's army, but the swollen streams retarded his pursuit. General Hatch, with his division of cavalry, was on the north bank of Duck River, unable to force his crossing. He shelled Columbia on the 20th, and as there were no troops in the city except the wounded in the hospitals, General Forrest asked for a conference under a flag of truce, which was readily agreed to. General Forrest, accompanied by Major Anderson, of his staff,

and General Walthall, met General Hatch at the railroad bridge across Duck River in the afternoon, and Forrest and Hatch, from the abutments of the broken bridge on either side of the river, had their conference.

General Forrest informed General Hatch that there were no troops within the corporate limits of Columbia except the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and requested the artillery-fire be discontinued, which General Hatch assented to. General Forrest then pro-

posed an exchange of prisoners, to which General Hatch replied that he had no authority to act, but that he would forward his proposition to army headquarters. General Forrest proposed and specifically asked for the exchange of General Rucker, who had been wounded and captured on the Granny White pike on the night of the 16th, and General Hatch said that he was without authority to make this exchange, but he would forward this request without delay. The civilities of the flag were exchanged and the truce ended. The proposition and the specific request of General Forrest, in the rapid movements that followed, were never heard from.

Late in the afternoon, and the night of the 21st, General Wilson succeeded in throwing his pontoon across Duck River, above Columbia; and on the morning of the 22d the enemy crossed a column of infantry of General Wood's command. Colonel Field, with his small infantry division, was in observation on the river, with a cavalry regiment picketing in front of him. Colonel Field reported, on the 21st, the efforts of the enemy to effect a crossing of Duck River.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, DECEMBER 21, 1864.

Major: Citizens report that the enemy are trying to effect a crossing at Johnson's Knob, about two (2) miles above this place. Johnson's Knob is on the opposite bank of the river, and commands a large extent of country on this side. Reports say that the enemy are digging down the bank at that point.

Very respectfully,

R. H. FIELD,

Colonel commanding Mancy's and Strahl's brigades.

MAJOR D. W. SANDEES,
A. A. G. Walthall's Division.

When General Wood's infantry appeared on the morning of the 22d, south of the Duck River, General Walthall ordered Colonel Field to reconnoiter and skirmish with the enemy, and form the remainder of his command in line across the Pulaski pike. The enemy was in force, and easily compelled Field to fall back on Walthall's line. General Wood rapidly deployed in front of Walthall and forced him to retreat on the Pulaski pike. Walthall marched about twelve miles, and encamped at Mrs. Mitchell's, about two miles from Lynnville, where he remained until the morning of the 24th.

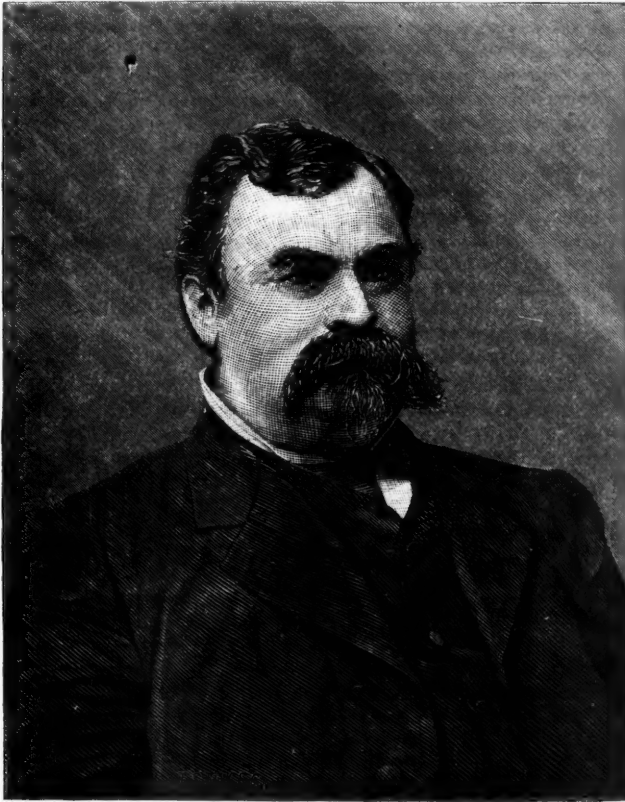
When the enemy crossed Duck River on the 22d and appeared in force on the Pulaski pike, General Forrest ordered the rearguard to fall back in the direction of Pulaski. He directed General Chalmers to move on the

right, down the Bigbyville pike, toward Bigbyville. The rear of Walthall's infantry was covered by Jackson's and Buford's divisions of cavalry, while a few scouts were thrown out on the left flank. The enemy made his first demonstration on the cavalry pickets near Warfield's, three miles south of Columbia. The enemy opened upon the cavalry with artillery, which forced Jackson and Buford to fall back to a gap between two hills, which position was held until the forenoon of the next day. The cavalry retarded the advance of the enemy on the 23d, and at nightfall were a short distance in front of Walthall. On the morning of the 24th General Forrest ordered General Walthall to advance his infantry on the pike toward Columbia, with the cavalry on the right and left flanks. Walthall advanced about three miles and came in contact with the enemy, when a severe engagement occurred, and the enemy was held in check for two hours. The rearguard retreated to Richland Creek, and Walthall took position in rear of a mill on Richland Creek, about seven miles from Pulaski. Jackson was in front of the enemy, with Armstrong's brigade in front, and Ross's brigade on the right flank. Chalmers had joined Buford, and these two cavalry divisions were ordered on the left flank. General Armstrong was ordered to support six pieces of artillery, which was placed in position immediately on the main pike, on a line with Chalmers' and Buford's divisions, and Ross's brigade, of Jackson's division. After a severe artillery duel, two pieces of the enemy's artillery were dismounted. The enemy turned both flanks, crossed Richland Creek on his left, with the view of gaining Forrest's rear. Armstrong and Ross were immediately ordered to cross the bridge on the main pike, and move around and engage the enemy while crossing the creek. Chalmers' and Buford's divisions were heavily engaged and forced to fall back across Richland Creek. General Buford was wounded, and his division was placed under the command of Chalmers. At 8 p. m. Walthall withdrew his infantry, and marched to and occupied the outer line of works around Pulaski.

On the morning of the 25th, after destroying all the ammunition that could not be removed, and two trains of cars, the rearguard, with the exception of Jackson's division of cavalry, which was ordered to remain in Pulaski as long as possible, and destroy the bridge, fell back on Anthony's Hill, seven miles south of Pulaski.

At daylight on the morning of the 25th Walthall withdrew his troops from the works, marched through Pulaski, and left the pike on the road for Bainbridge. The roads were almost impassable, and the artillery and the few wagons which made up the train, were moved with great difficulty. Wilson, with a considerable mounted force, pursued and

pressed the rearguard with unusual vigor and audacity. A few miles from Pulaski scattering wagons of the main army were overtaken, and these were carried when practicable, notwithstanding it greatly embarrassed the infantry. The boldness and vigor of Wilson's pursuit was now pressed with increased determination, and it was determined to turn upon



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. JACKSON.

him. An advantageous position was selected for a line on Anthony's Hill, four miles from Pulaski. Featherstone and Palmer, with a brigade of cavalry on either flank, and Reynolds and Field in the reserve for support, were put in ambush to await the enemy's approach. So broken is the ground at that point, and so densely wooded, that there was no difficulty in concealing the troops. A thin line of skirmishers was thrown to the front, which the

enemy promptly engaged, and when it proved stubborn he dismounted part of his cavalymen and made a charge. When the attacking force neared the troops lying in wait for them, the latter delivered a destructive fire, and a section of artillery, masked near by, opened fire with considerable effect. The enemy retreated in disorder, and Featherstone and Palmer promptly pursued and captured a number of prisoners, horses, and one piece of artillery.

About sunset the rearguard was withdrawn from Anthony's Hill, at midnight reached Sugar Creek, camped for the night, and there came up on a large part of the army ordnance train, which had been delayed, so that the mules which belonged to it might be used to aid in moving the pontoon train to the river.

This train was moved forward at an early hour the next morning. On the morning of the 26th Wilson continued the pursuit with unabated vigor, and pressed Forrest's cavalry with great impetuosity. General Forrest said to Walthall that the enemy, not more than a mile off, were pressing his cavalry, and that it would be necessary for the infantry to dispute his advance. Walthall at once put Reynolds and Field in position between the two crossings of the creek, and Featherstone and Palmer were posted in a strong position on the south side of the crossing, nearer the Tennessee River, to guard against disaster in the event the troops in front of them were overcome. There was so dense a fog that Reynolds and Field were enabled to conceal their commands, except a small force, which was purposely exposed, and which, when encountered by the enemy, fell back, as they had been instructed, upon the main body. The enemy, with part of his force dismounted, at once engaged this small force and drove it back on the main line, and, when he discovered the line in ambush, broke and retreated in confusion. His flight being obstructed by the creek, Reynolds and Field captured nearly all of the horses of a dismounted regiment and some prisoners. After he crossed the creek Ross's cavalry brigade continued the pursuit for a considerable distance. After this the enemy hung upon the rear, but no further demonstration was made. In the forenoon the rearguard took up the march, and camped that night about sixteen miles from the Tennessee River. On the morning of the 27th the march was continued, and the rearguard crossed Shoal Creek about two o'clock in the afternoon. On the south side of Shoal Creek the infantry formed in line to guard the crossing. Here the cavalry passed and moved on to the Tennessee River. At 10 o'clock p. m. the infantry were withdrawn with the exception of Reynolds, who was left with instructions to picket the creek and rejoin Walthall the following morning, and Walthall marched to and occupied the works covering the pontoon at Bainbridge.

General Walthall issued the following circular to the infantry rearguard:

HEADQUARTERS INFANTRY FORCES OF THE REAR-
GUARD, December 28, 1864, 3 o'clock A. M.
CIRCULAR.

Featherstone's brigade will move promptly (without further orders) at daybreak across the bridge, to be followed by Field and then Palmer.

General Reynolds will withdraw his command from Shoal Creek in time to reach the main line by daybreak, and leave a skirmish line behind for a half hour. He will follow Palmer. Ector's brigade will cover the road until the whole command has passed, and then will follow, leaving a line of skirmishers behind until the rear of the brigade has passed on to the bridge.

It is important that the movement be conducted with promptness and in good order.

By command of Major-General Walthall,

E. D. CLARKE,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

In obedience to the directions contained in the above circular, the infantry were the last of the rearguard to cross the Tennessee River.

Walthall, with his incomparable infantry, together with the magnificent cavalry under Forrest, saved Hood's army from annihilation, and enabled him to escape south of the Tennessee River.

General Wood, commanding the Fourth corps, pursued the rearguard with indomitable resolution and untiring energy. He was incited to make his wonderful infantry march to Pulaski by the indications of demoralization, distress, and the hopeless condition of the retreating army that abounded all along the route of Hood's retreat. Arms, accoutrements, broken and abandoned wagons, disabled soldiers, barefooted and frostbitten, told him that sore distress and appalling disaster had worked the destruction of an army which he had fought gallantly on many heroic fields. Pursuing the advantage that the fate of battle had given to his arms, he pressed forward with his victorious divisions, with the determination to annihilate the rearguard and capture or disperse the remnant of the Army of Tennessee. His troops responded to the demands made on their endurance, and achieved for themselves a reputation that will live forever in the military annals of their country.

General Hood, in a campaign of thirty-eight days on the north side of the Tennessee River, fought the battles of Franklin and Nashville and wrecked his army. No damage of any consequence had been inflicted upon the enemy. Thomas, at Nashville, confronted him with a powerful and well-appointed army, fully equipped in all the arms of the service, and when he moved on him overwhelmed and routed him. At Columbia, it appeared as

though Thomas would crush and capture the army. The pursuit of his mounted force under the command of General Wilson was fierce and relentless. The march of the rear-guard from Columbia to Bainbridge, with the incessant assaults made upon it, is the most famous in the late war. The courage of this small body of troops was admirable; the hardships endured by them were terrible; and their

endurance a lasting tribute to the devotion of the volunteer soldier. Their brigade commanders were men of high and marked character, who had distinguished themselves on many fields in great battles. The escape of Hood's army was committed to their valor, and on them rested the hope of the army to reach the Tennessee River, and to cross it in safety.

D. W. Sanders,

Major, A. A. G. French's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL STOUGHTON.

AFTER the evacuation of Manassas by General Joseph E. Johnston, in the spring of 1862, the Federals still thought it necessary to retain a large force in the immediate vicinity of Washington for the protection of the Capital. A considerable body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery were stationed on the Virginia border, with headquarters at Fairfax Court-house. Brigadier-General Stoughton was placed in command of the entire force, with the dashing ex-English officer, Colonel Percy Wyndham, in charge of his cavalry. They had established on the section of a circle a line of outposts, which formed a complete cordon from a point on the Potomac above Washington to a point on the river below. It was on this chain of outposts that Mosby commenced his operations in January, 1863, with a detachment of nine men detailed by General J. E. B. Stuart from the cavalry of his command. With these few picked men, he displayed such brilliant courage and restless activity that within the brief space of two months he had attracted to his standard many of the young men from the adjoining counties, and had made his name familiar to the Federals in that section of the country.

Early in March, 1863, he concluded to attempt an exploit more daring than any of his former achievements. During his frequent raids through the Federal lines he had familiarized himself with the location of the various outposts of the enemy, and was persuaded he could penetrate their camp and capture their commanding officer. With this end in view, he took with him twenty-nine men, and started one gloomy, rainy March afternoon toward their army.

He so timed his march as not to reach their

outposts until complete darkness had enveloped them. The greater portion of the Federal cavalry was stationed at Centerville, which was immediately in front of General Stoughton's headquarters at Fairfax Court-house. This force was avoided by passing to the left. By following a narrow path through a dense pine forest to the left of Centerville, the little band of Confederates soon passed within the Federal pickets. Then, turning abruptly to the right, they crossed between the two main bodies of Federals and circled round until they had placed themselves almost in the rear of Fairfax Court-house, their destination. They then marched along the public road directly toward the village. The sentinels, not expecting an enemy from this direction, either allowed the Confederates to pass unchallenged, or were captured before fully realizing the situation.

Soon Mosby halted his little band upon the main street of the village. It was now two o'clock in the morning. The darkness of the night was still intense; but through its deep folds could be seen on every side the bright camp-fires of the sleeping army. These, together with the frequent calls of the sentinels, as the officers of the guard made their monotonous rounds, vividly impressed upon the intruders the danger of their situation. They knew that the slightest mishap would expose their true character, and place them at the mercy of the overwhelming forces that surrounded them, yet their confidence in their leader and each other was such that they stood calmly in the midst of the enemy's camp to await their commander's order. Deep silence prevailed along their ranks, save when some whispered command was given. Even their

horses seemed to be aware of their perilous position, and not a neigh from them disturbed the stillness of the night.

In a few moments Mosby returned from a tour of inspection he had made through the town, almost alone. Quickly he made his details for the work before him. Outlooks are placed here and there; a detachment is sent to capture Colonel Wyndham; another to capture the cavalry detail on duty at headquarters; another to collect a sufficient number of horses upon which to mount the prisoners; while Mosby took with him six men and started to visit General Stoughton himself, who was comfortably quartered in the residence of the leading physician of the town. When Mosby knocked at the front entrance of this house, some one called from the second-story window to know what was wanted, Mosby answered that he had important dispatches for the General. He was soon admitted and escorted to the General's room.

A party had been given at headquarters that night for the entertainment of the gay young officers, and General Stoughton, wearied by the dance, had just begun to enjoy the sound sleep that followed these festivities. Mosby found some difficulty in arousing him from this relaxing slumber. At last, as his eyes began to open, he demanded the cause of his rude awakening. Mosby curtly answered, "Stuart's cavalry is in possession of the town." "Impossible!" exclaimed Stoughton. "It is nevertheless true," replied his visitor, "and I am Mosby." The sound of this name acted like magic upon the distinguished Federal officer, and without the least resistance, he obeyed the command to quickly dress himself for a ride in company with the rangers. Upon reaching the street he saw two of his own handsome horses, beautifully caparisoned, but was greatly chagrined when told he could not be trusted on so fleet a steed, but must mount a meaner one. This feeling soon gave way to surprise, when one of the rangers handed him his magnificent gold watch and chain, which he in his hurry, had left by his bedside.

By this time the details had returned, all crowned with success except the one sent in search of Colonel Wyndham. That officer had escaped capture by his timely absence in Washington City. A large number of fine horses had been led to the street in obedience to Mosby's command. Upon these were mounted the prisoners, thirty-eight in number, many of whom were officers.

Their work having been accomplished, the Confederates prepared to return. The large number of prisoners and led horses had greatly augmented the difficulty of moving in silence and secrecy the command thus increased. But slowly and carefully they wound their way around the camp-fires, with no cause for alarm until they approached the outposts at Centerville. As they were flanking the fortifications at this point, they passed so near the bristling guns as to hear the challenge of the sentinel. Just then one of the prisoners, Captain Barker, of the Fifth New York Cavalry, attempted to escape by a sudden rush in the darkness. But a bullet from the pistol of his guard grazed his ear and convinced that the rangers intended to hold their captives at any peril, he obeyed the summons to halt. The sentinel from the redoubt was again heard to call, "Who goes there?" No answer was returned; and no doubt as he stood listening to the steady tread of the retreating column, he persuaded himself it was but the fancy of his brain, weary with its long vigil. At any rate he did not sound the alarm, and the Confederates were soon winding their way through the dense pine forests beyond.

When they reached the banks of Cub Run they found its waters high above the fording marks. Nevertheless they were forced to cross it. They must, of necessity, swim their horses. Mosby was the first to plunge in, followed by General Stoughton. As they emerged from the cold waters, drenched to the waist, the General exclaimed,

"Captain, this is the first bad treatment I have received at your hands."

As the day dawned it found the daring partisan chief with his rich prize safely beyond the enemy's line. Upon reaching Warrenton, the county seat of Fauquier, and consequently known as the capital of "Mosby's Confederacy," they were met by the citizens with hearty cheers and a bountiful repast. The prisoners were placed in charge of a small guard and sent to the headquarters of General Fitzhugh Lee.

The importance of this brilliant exploit may readily be imagined. It taught the Federals that there was safety nowhere from this daring midnight raider. The army at Fairfax Court-house had the night before retired to rest, having taken every precaution to guard against surprise; and yet they awoke in the morning to find their commanding officer captured while sleeping in their very midst. The order

goes forth that this young upstart, who has presumed to inaugurate a new mode of warfare, must be crushed in the very incipency of his career. Their whole cavalry force is ordered out to insure his capture, but before they had commenced their search the daring rangers were many miles away. All they could do was to increase their outposts, and thus more men were drawn from the army attacking Richmond.

On the other hand, the importance of the achievement was recognized in the following general order published to the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISIONS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, March 12, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. —.

Captain John S. Mosby has for a long time attracted the attention of his generals by his boldness, skill, and success so signally displayed in his numerous forays upon the invaders of his native State. None

know his daring enterprise and dashing heroism better than those foul invaders.

His late brilliant exploit—the capture of Brigadier-General Stoughton, U. S. A., two captains, thirty other prisoners, and fifty-eight horses—justifies this recognition in General Orders.

This feat, unparalleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's troops, at Fairfax Court-house, without loss or injury.

This gallant band of Captain Mosby share the glory as they did the danger of this enterprise, and are worthy of such a leader.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding.

General Stoughton was a gallant officer in the prime of life. His early training had fitted him for great usefulness in the cause he had espoused. Yet this misfortune, which might have happened to any other officer, so injured him in the estimation of the authorities at Washington that he was never afforded an opportunity to distinguish himself in the subsequent events of the war.

A. E. Richards.

NIGHT AFTER HARVEST.

Hushed are the songs of the reapers,
And the sheaves of grain are bound;
And soft as the dews of twilight
Falls silence, deep, profound—

An odorous, dewy silence,
That nestles among the leaves
Like a spirit of the moist shadows;
And beyond the gathered sheaves,

Like a white-faced nun in heaven,
Kneels the Vestal Moon of June;
But the mist above the harvest
Kneels, whiter than the moon.

What are ye, ye mystic vapors,
That gleam beyond so fair?
Are ye tents where the Master campeth
Watching for man with care?

Doth He herd for His sleeping servant
With His mist-tents on the plain?
In the moon-washed hours of midnight
Doth He guard His fields of grain?

I walk thro' the dewy stubble
Where the deepest mist hangs low,
And the wet weeds, dripping moisture,
Nod in reverence to and fro.

Ah, whiter than the moonbeams
At night doth His cool tents lay,
And His white hand soweth guerdon
To reward the toils of day.

Yea; where man reaps in daytime
His white feet walk at night,
And the slighted straws he gleaneth
So that waste shall cease and blight.

Charles J. O'Malley.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE old controversy regarding Mr. Davis and West Point, and the good or evil effect which Mr. Davis' alleged prejudice in favor of West Pointers had upon the fortunes of the Confederacy, has been revived. General Robert Toombs is positively of the opinion that what he terms the "martinet discipline of West Point," and the entire inability of Mr. Davis to believe that any one not a graduate of that institution was fit to command an army or even to be intrusted with important subordinate command, was, more than all else combined, the cause of Confederate failure.

On the other hand, General Fitzhugh Lee comes to the rescue with an array of illustrious names, all West Pointers, to show how her representatives at the Academy served the South in her hour of need.

Neither disputant, however, has advanced any thing of much force for his respective contention, but each has left the argument very much where he found it. General Lee asserts that General Toombs virtually abandons his position when he says that there were but two men in the Southern service, viz., Albert Sidney Johnston and Joseph E. Johnston, who could have saved the Confederacy, inasmuch as both of those officers were educated at West Point. Without disparagement to either of these eminent soldiers, the great majority of those who served the Confederacy will esteem the brilliant Georgian's judgment in such matters of but little value after his comparatively light estimate of General Robert E. Lee. Nor does the roll of names which General Fitzhugh Lee has called—bright and heroic as they are, and to which his own may well be added—altogether dispose of the question. It is quite true that a greater number of officers who had previously received training at West Point attained high rank and became conspicuous in the military service of the Confederacy than of officers who had been given no such tuition. But it must be remembered that almost every position, wherein opportunity was furnished for the exercise and exhibition of the best order of military talent, was exclusively bestowed on the West Point men. The list of general officers, "Full Generals" we used to call them, was so filled. The Lieutenant-Generals, with the exception of two or three promotions at the very close of the war, were selected from the same material. The same rule was largely observed in the appointment of Major-Generals. Not only, therefore, were the West Point officers placed in command of armies and departments while officers of civilian antecedents never were, but on all important occasions involving opportunity for the display of merit or aptitude they were given the preference, if not invariably selected. They had "all the best chances." It was only in the cavalry service that the rule was at all relaxed; and it can not be denied that in that branch of the service not only all invention, all that was original either in strategy or tactics, but the greatest actual results as well, were accomplished by the commanders whose only school had been experience. In the new and effective methods which they conceived and brought into use, in captures of material and prisoners, in the number of the enemy which they placed *hors du combat* in actual fighting, in the number of the enemy which their demonstra-

tions caused to be withdrawn from the grand and decisive operations of the war in Virginia, in the West, and in the Trans-Mississippi—in all respects, in short, in which cavalry can be used to advantage in modern warfare—it must be conceded that Forrest, Morgan, Ashby, Hampton, and Shelby achieved more than all the other cavalry commanders of the Confederacy together. Yet none of them were West Point men, and their subordinate officers, of all ranks, were civilians also; such, at least, was the case in the West and the Trans-Mississippi. As regards the infantry service, and army and departmental command, therefore, General Lee's statement proves nothing. If we may be allowed to illustrate after the manner of the Kentuckian, he might, with as much and as just logic, contend that race-horses of a bay color are faster than those of any other color, because several bays may have successively won stakes in which none—but bays are permitted to start. And as regards the cavalry, we ask the reader's attention to our remarks under that head, *supra*.

Mr. Davis unquestionably preferred officers who had been educated at West Point. This bias upon the part of one who was himself a graduate of the institution was natural. Nor is there any reason or propriety in the criticism which would assail him for appointing such men to the highest rank at the inception of the struggle, or for seeking at that period to secure as many of them as possible for the more important subordinate positions. All of the material of which he could avail himself then to officer his armies was comparatively untried. Very few, either of those who resigned commissions in the old service and offered their swords to the South, or among the prominent civilians who sought rank in her armies, had much experience of actual war. It would have been a hazardous and almost culpable experiment, in such case, to give responsible command to men alike untaught and inexperienced, rather than to men who had been bred to the profession of arms, and who possessed a practical knowledge at least of discipline and matters of military administration.

When General Toombs says that the Confederacy was "throttled by West Point discipline," we opine that he was merely firing off one of his too frequent phrases in which sense is much sacrificed to sound. Discipline never "throttled," or in anywise injured, any cause or effort dependent on military means and measures for success. West Point discipline is not an inferior article, but one of the very best of the kind, and served to perfect the organization and instruction of raw armies, notwithstanding they were liberally supplied with *ante-bellum* politicians who thought stump-speeches more effective than musketry.

If Mr. Davis be amenable to any just criticism in this regard, it is that he never seemed to understand that while West Point can make excellent soldiers out of ordinary material, it can not make a great general of every cadet who receives its diploma. And he was equally unable or unwilling to believe that a man whom nature has given genius and intended for command may acquire by experience all the knowledge necessary for the conduct of a great war. He knew that for the "heaven-born general," like Lee or Jackson, or his own chief favorite, Albert Johnston, a

military education was of immense aid in developing and directing his natural gifts. But he seemed ignorant that such men could become great captains by means of the lessons which they learned in the field, and by any process of self-teaching.

So to the last he preferred the respectable mediocrity of the educated soldier to any talent or aptitude of the mere volunteer. It was said of one of Mr. Davis' departmental commanders, that he would esteem a "neat and formal account of a defeat more worthy a soldier than a victory of which a slovenly report was written."

It would be exceedingly unjust to say such a thing of Mr. Davis himself. But he would doubtless entertain a certain sympathy for the rigid precisian who thought that way.

THE tendency toward independent political action in State and municipal affairs is one of the most notable as well as hopeful signs of the times. Intelligent men can no longer be deceived by mere partisan clamor, and honest men are no longer willing to condone all sorts of abuses because of alleged party necessities.

In every State where either the Democratic or Republican party has held a long lease of power or has been able to count a certain and heavy majority, we have seen enacted on a small scale that which has been occasioned by precisely similar influences in the administration of national affairs on a large scale. The unscrupulous place-hunters and professional politicians, who live by their wits and have no principles which are not readily marketable, have invariably joined the ranks of the dominant party, learned to pull all the wires, managed primaries, controlled conventions and caucuses, and, in the course of time finding the mere offices not enough in the way of spoils, have used the party power to promote money-getting by political jobs and legislative devices as foul as the breath of a bumper.

Necessarily, however, corruption and insolence when carried to a certain extent breed disgust in the least obtuse and squemish, and induce resentment from the most forbearing.

In many instances the feeling takes expression in bolting the party nominations, when decency has been outraged beyond all tolerance by the selection of some notorious profligate, pimp, or political prostitute as a party candidate. But trained to long reverence for names, your Democrat does not fancy voting for a Republican nominee, nor your Republican for a regularly ordained Democratic candidate; so the difficulty has been generally solved by calling into the canvass some independent candidate possessed of the qualifications which the bolters demand. Then the strict party men cry out with exceedingly strident voices against the bolters and exclaim, "Lo! they have forsaken the faith and deserted their flag merely because John Doe or Richard Roe, whom we gave unto them as nominees for offices of trust and emolument and of much responsibility unto the people, have been known as thieves. They have departed from among us. They shall no more be of us." And the bolters have, as a rule, reflected upon their conduct, after the excitement has passed, with sadness and regret; and have said in their own hearts, "It is true, John Doe is a thief who would steal the gold filling out of his grandmother's false teeth. But he never shook the party in his life. And

it is true that Richard Roe is a drunken, obscene, and maudlin blackguard, whose very presence in a public building is an offense against the State and the public service; but he has worked for the party for years, and just when he was about to receive his reward, I interfered to prevent it. Verily, I have sinned against the holy spirit of party, and there is no hope for me."

But the necessity has been too real and urgent not to be recognized and obeyed despite the hold of habit and the harness of party allegiance and discipline. In the last presidential election the independent vote put Mr. Cleveland in the White House in pursuance of a general and resolute popular purpose that honesty and fidelity should be substituted in the administration of the General Government for a blind subservience to partisan wishes and interests, and as a rebuke to the man who, of all the statesmen of this day, is the best exponent of its lax political morality.

This example in national politics will be followed and ought to be followed in State politics. A greedy snatcher of spoil will not be allowed unchallenged control of matters in which honest men are equally interested, nor, destitute of all principle, be permitted something like a dictatorship because he can shout a shibboleth.

THE reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, at Glasgow, Kentucky, on the 19th of August, was characterized by many interesting features. An unusually full attendance of the veterans of that famous brigade, as well as of ex-Confederate soldiers who served with other commands, testified to the feeling elicited by the occasion and its ceremonies.

This was the only complete infantry brigade which Kentucky furnished the Confederate army. A large number of Kentuckians enlisted in infantry regiments raised in Tennessee or other seceded States, but the difficulty of recruiting and organizing men for that branch of the service in a State almost constantly occupied, as was Kentucky, by the Federal armies, deterred many who desired to volunteer, and would have done so under more favorable circumstances, or induced them to join the Kentucky cavalry regiments in the Confederate service which more frequently entered the State.

The title of the "Orphan Brigade" was given this gallant body of men by General John C. Breckinridge, after the battle of Murfreesboro, in allusion to the loss it had sustained in the death of its heroic commander, General Roger Hanson.

Many such reunions are held by the survivors of both armies. They are proper and becoming. It is a significant fact that while some criticism upon such meetings has been heard from non-combatants, the soldiers who fought in the contending ranks have given each other the fullest sympathy in all celebrations of this kind. Federal soldiers have attended and participated in the reunions of the Confederates, and Confederate soldiers have been the guests on such occasions of the soldiers of the Union. They recognize in each other the same spirit animated by the same motives—patriotism impelling all, only pointing them to different roads.

The old veterans are right. They are commemorating noble sentiments, honorable deeds, generous sacrifices on both sides. Let their sons learn from such precepts to emulate worthy examples, if they shall ever be called to fight side by side upon other battle-fields under the flag of a common country.

SALMAGUNDI.

A sojourner at "Camp Douglas," when hapless rebels were there against their will, furnishes one of the songs which were sung by the tenants of that prison:

CAMP DOUGLAS BY THE LAKE.

Air: "Cottage by the Sea."

Childhood's days have long since faded,
Youth's bright dreams like lights gone out;
Distant homes and hearths are shaded
With the future's dread and doubt.

Here, old Michigan before us,
Moaning waves that ever break,
Chanting still the one sad chorus,
At Camp Douglas by the Lake. (Repeat.)

Exiles from our homes, we sorrow
O'er the present's darkening gloom;
Well we know that with the morrow
We'll wake to feel the same hard doom.

Oh, for one short hour of gladness,
One hour of hope, this pain to break,
And chase away the heavy sadness
At Camp Douglas by the lake.

I would some Southern bird were singing,
Warbling richest, softest lays,
Back to eager memory bringing
Sweetest thoughts of happy days.

I dread the night's uneasy slumber;
Hate the day that bids me wake,
Another of that dreary number
At Camp Douglas by the lake.

Never Sabbath bells are tolling—
Never words of cheer and love;
Wintry waves are round us rolling,
Clouds are hiding heaven above.

Dixie Land! still turn toward you
Hearts that now in bondage ache,
Hearts that once were strong to guard you,
Wasting here beside the lake.

When Butler was in command of New Orleans he made, it will be remembered, many arrests for all sorts of reasons; and the offenders who were brought before him, no matter the grade of the offense—whether they were guilty of having more spoons than were absolutely necessary in an average-sized household or had been talking imprudently—were generally exiled to Ship Island, an exceedingly unpleasant place of retreat at any season of the year.

One eccentric old gentleman, who had been excessively indiscreet in his comments upon the current events, and who had been repeatedly but ineffectually warned to hold his tongue, was finally hauled before the cock-eyed man of destiny. It was shortly after the news of General Lee's victory at Fredericksburg had reached New Orleans, and the rebels were very jubilant over it.

"You have been expressing yourself in a very disloyal fashion, I understand, sir," said B. F., with an unusually sour twist of his business eye, "talking very outrageously and in a style calculated to produce mischief."

The old gentleman protested that he had said nothing particularly bad, and suggested that the irate

general had been misinformed. But it was to no purpose. Butler waxed more and more indignant, and declared he would send him to Ship Island. After much discussion, however, the sentence was revoked upon the old gentleman's consenting to take the oath, which he was very loath to do. The oath was administered in due form.

"Well, General," queried the old gentleman, after he had been sworn, "I'm a loyal man now, ain't I?"

"Certainly you are," said the General.

"After this oath I'm as loyal in the eyes of the Government as you or any one else?"

"Unquestionably."

"And as such I'm now at liberty to talk."

"Of course; there can be no doubt of that."

"Well, then, General, confidentially and to go no further, didn't old Bob Lee give us *h—ll* at Fredericksburg the other day?"

We believe it impossible to produce any thing which will compare in neat technical precision and curt military brevity with the specimen which we give below:

In a certain cavalry regiment were two excellent young soldiers, who unfortunately, however, quarreled over the title to a pious mule, which was the most beautiful animal of its species that either of them had ever seen. It was black and white. The respective colors as vivid as the tints of a summer grove; its limbs were as lithe and graceful as a deer's, and its action as deft as that of a thoroughbred horse.

The party who lacked but wished possession finally hit upon what he thought a masterpiece of strategy, sure, he believed, to gain him the coveted beauty. The party in possession was served with what purported on its face to be an official notice to surrender the property. For a moment his heart sank, then swelled high with indignation as he detected (he instinctively believed) a base effort at imposition.

He hurried to the tent of the commanding officer. "Colonel," he said, "I want Bill Hanks arrested and hanged for forgery."

"You do?" said the colonel. "What's the matter?"

"Here's the matter, sir." And the angry soldier handed the colonel the document he had just received. It was as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS 2D REGIMENT }
— CAVALRY. }

Mr. Ben Crouch, immediately on receipt of this order, you will instantly please to give up the mule up.

By order of the
ADMIRANT GINRIE.

At a certain battle of the late war, a Federal chaplain happened to get into the vicinity of a battery of artillery which was hotly engaged. The Confederate shells were plowing furrows about the guns, and the cannoners were grimly and actively at work to answer shot for shot. The chaplain addressed himself to a sergeant, who was very efficient but at the same time rather profane, in the following words:

"My friend, if you go on this way, can you expect the support of Divine Providence?"

"Ain't expectin' it," said the sergeant. "The Ninth New Jersey has been ordered to support this battery."